

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XVI

New York Saturday, August 10, 1918

Number 197

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THE President's Siberian policy, announced by Assistant Secretary of State Polk, gives evidence of divided counsels. It may safely be assumed that the President himself was very loath to accept a policy the consequences of which are unpredictable, and may well prove extremely grave for democracy and the Allied cause. But all the world knows that the President has been subjected to tremendous pressure not only from partisans of intervention at home but from the governments of our Allies. Further, complete control of the situation did not rest in his hands. American consent was not absolutely essential to military intervention in Siberia, although this consent was greatly desired by our Allies. In the circumstances it is not unnatural that it should have appeared safest to accept intervention in principle but to divest it of its more immediate dangers, primarily by defining strictly the limits of intervention and the relations of the expeditionary forces to the Russian local authorities, and secondly by holding down the numbers of the forces landed on Russian soil. A "few thousand" soldiers cannot undertake an

extensive enterprise of conquest, and their presence in Siberia may remove the excuse for sending a much larger force. In this policy it is easy to discern a close analogy to the President's policy of intervention in Mexico. In that case the President yielded to the clamor for intervention, but was careful to limit the scope of intervention, and was in fact successful in observing the limits he had set.

MEXICO, unfortunately, did not accept in good part even intervention safeguarded by the most self-denying of announced limitations. The landing at Vera Cruz was directed against the usurper Huerta; the invasion of northern Mexico was directed against the bandit Villa. These were desperate enemies of the body of the Mexican people represented by the Constitutionalist government. Yet this fact did not prevent all Mexican factions from agreeing in one point, hatred of the United States, which menaced their sovereignty. This was not a superficial feeling arising out of a transitory misunderstanding. To this day much of Mexico is pro-German in consequence. We need not expect the Russian attitude to be very different. The Russians will accept our announced intentions with much suspicion. Our positive act will pass at its face value. Certainly, so far as the present Soviet government is concerned, we have lost most of our chances of an understanding. We shall hardly be able, working through the Soviets, to prepare Russia for the resumption of hostilities against Germany when we are ready to give effective aid. Possibly the Soviet regime is declining to its fall, and that in spite of apparent aggression we may be able to effect an understanding with a democratic counter-revolution. This appears now to be the only hope of winning Russia back to the Allies. But whether the hope is illusory or not appears to depend entirely upon the strength of the anti-Soviet forces, and upon their readiness to compromise their future political position by association with alien invaders.

ONE encouraging fact is the manifest distress of the interventionists, who had hoped for a far more grandiose undertaking in Siberia. For the present no serious attempt at fomenting civil war in Russia can be made, and it is possible that the presence of American troops, together with an economic mission, will open a means of communication that will bring the facts of the Siberian situation to the American people. And certainly the facts are less favorable to a "reconstitution of the eastern front" at Lake Baikal than are the canards manufactured in the various capitals and dated Vladivostok or Shanghai. But the interventionists will take hope in the possibility of diverting the expeditionary force from its original purpose. The commander of the combined Allied forces—who will be a Japanese—will not await instructions from President Wilson as General Pershing had to do in northern Mexico. It is easy to conceive that circumstances may bring about fighting, even though the commander is endeavoring to the best of his ability to keep within the limits of the President's policy. It is to be borne in mind that there are thousands of clever men in Russia and in the Occident who will do their best to bring about a clash between the Soviet forces and the Allied force. Whether they will succeed or not no one can possibly predict. But so much is clear: limited liability intervention in Mexico, where all the conditions were under our control, was a quite different thing from apparently limited liability intervention in Russia, where our control of conditions is negligible.

AS we go to press it looks as if the German retirement between Soissons and Rheims would cease at the line of the Vesle. The German Staff may decide to yield the territory between the Vesle and the Aisne, but if so it will do so not because it has no alternative but because it prefers for reasons of subsequent convenience to stabilize the front on the second line rather than the first. After their exhausting fighting and rapid advance of the past three weeks the Allies can scarcely be in a position to exert a very powerful pressure on the present front, while the problem for the Germans of concentrating to defend the line either of the Vesle or the Aisne must be comparatively easy to handle. Assuming, then, that the second battle of the Marne is practically over, it remains to be seen what its consequence will be. Have the Germans retired only with the intention of returning to the attack a few weeks later with renewed force? Or will they be obliged to surrender the initiative in the west as they did in the fall of 1914? The first alternative is the more probable, although it is difficult to understand how, after their recent

failure, they will dare to launch a major offensive against one portion of a line which, as recent experience proves, cannot be held securely on the other portions. But the second alternative cannot be dismissed as peremptorily as it would have been two weeks ago. There are symptoms of real weakness in the German strategic dispositions. Apparently they did not dare to save the Marne salient at the expense of weakening Prince Rupprecht's army. They must have feared an attack from the re-enforced and renewed army of General Haig. If this is true to any considerable extent, they may be obliged to surrender the initiative now and accept further losses of territory in order to consolidate a defensive position.

IN an interview recently cabled to this country John Spargo declares that after a thorough inquiry he has not discovered more than a negligible amount of defeatism either in France or Great Britain. An overwhelming preponderance of sentiment among the labor men and socialists in both countries is heartily in favor of continuing the war until victory is assured. This is true, and it always has been true. The impression to the contrary is the work of people who differ from the labor representatives as to the test of victory, and who for that reason have sought to fasten the stigma of defeatism upon the British and French labor parties. The latter have suffered from systematic misrepresentation of their position and programme at the hands of their opponents and of the press. They have never believed in abandoning military resistance to the German army as long as the German government persisted in using it as an instrument of international aggression. In this sense they will fight to the bitter end for victory, but by victory they have always meant, not merely the defeat of the German armies, but the ability as the result of such a defeat to do away at least in part with the cause of future wars. For that reason they have persistently tried to revive during the war itself the method and the spirit of international political discussion and criticism. That is why they have insisted on the definition of Allied war aims and upon the desirability of an inter-belligerent conference—provided an agreement could be reached to the conditions of such a conference.

ANY tendency to "defeatism" which exists in the British and French labor parties arises from a fear that some of the Allied governments will prolong the war unnecessarily and make impossible a desirable peace by insisting on excessively drastic terms or by subordinating political to military victory. These fears were originally aroused

by the publication of the secret treaties and by the terms offered to Austria-Hungary in the Prince Sixtus negotiations. They have not been allowed to control the action of the French and British labor parties, partly because of their abhorrence of the way in which the German government treated Russia and Rumania, and partly because of their confidence in President Wilson's political management of the war. But they might come to the surface, in case Germany adopted a conciliatory peace policy or in case the Allied governments should adopt an unnecessarily unconciliatory one. But these conditions are not likely to be fulfilled. Unless we are wholly mistaken the labor parties of France and Great Britain, precisely because they believe so firmly in the necessity of final conciliation, will be more likely than their opponents to reject terms of peace which would compromise the issues of the war rather than authorize an advance towards an ultimate solution.

MILITARY cooperation between two countries like France and the United States must inevitably lead to an increased intellectual commerce between them; and many of our leaders in science and learning have been expecting great advantages to American scholarship from the increasing contact with the subtle and refined spirit of the French. Few, however, would have predicted that the earliest manifestation of this increased intellectual cooperation between the two countries would occur in the field of legal science. Not many years ago legal learning in this country was utterly provincial. Complete ignorance of foreign experience and thought in the realm of law characterized the leaders of our bar. Many of them, like Surrogate Fowler, expressly preached such ignorance as a duty of proper patriotic pride. For this reason the article which Professors Duguit, Demogue, Haurion and other leaders of French legal thought have recently contributed to the Yale and Harvard Law Reviews are of more than technical interest. They are signs of the larger outlook and more scientific training which is dawning for one of our most influential professions. For the breach in the dead Chinese wall which has so long surrounded our law we are largely indebted to the efforts of a group of enlightened law professors like Wigmore, Pound and Freund who have worked arduously in the conviction that a more vital training for our lawyers is a necessary prerequisite for genuine improvement in the administration of the law. By their own teachings and writings, and by arranging for a series of translations from foreign works on the history and philosophy of the law, they have been endeavoring to transform legal education from the trade school

model to that of the liberal scientific ideal. Those who are afraid lest the new learning weaken our cherished national ideals may be reminded that in the Revolutionary period and in the formative period of our national life, our leading statesmen and jurists—witness the writers of *The Federalist*, Kent and Story—drew freely on French legal literature.

THE Department of Justice has reached an arrangement with the Harvester Trust by the terms of which the trust, in consideration of the dropping of the pending suit, agrees to divest itself of certain properties within eighteen months of the close of the present war, and otherwise to restrain various activities that appear monopolizing in the eyes of the Department, if at the end of this period "the foregoing measures have not proved adequate, in the opinion of the Government, to restore competitive conditions." One is reminded of an incident in the life of Bismarck. On one of his visits to Petrograd the designing German found himself puzzled by a sentry cutting a small triangle in the centre of an immense lawn. What was the sentry guarding? The officer in command of the garrison could say only that a sentry had always been posted there. But Bismarck, for reasons we now understand, had to get to the bottom of all things Russian; accordingly he set a squad of Ph.D.'s at work on the problem. After months of research it was discovered that in the days of the great Catherine a violet of an otherwise unknown species had appeared at this spot, and a sentry had been posted to guard it. Our Department of Justice would restore competitive conditions, rare violet of a remote golden age! Would it were not extinct! But the Department of Justice guards the spot where it was, while the old world travails in agony to bring forth a new.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S speech comes as the culminating point of a series of reports upon commercial reconstruction which look significantly back to the resolutions of the Paris Conference. All of them ask for the exclusion of German trade as the coping-stone of the new industrial edifice. Not less important is the Prime Minister's statement that imperial preference is inevitable. It looks as though there were a genuine diversity of outlook between Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Wilson. Certainly it is impossible to reconcile these suggestions with the latter's answer to the Papal peace offer. Nor is it easy to understand the sources of support upon which Mr. Lloyd George is counting. Both Lancashire and Scotland are firmly opposed to anything that would depend upon a protective

tariff. Labor has shown not the slightest inclination in the direction of such fiscal change, for the obvious reason that Mr. Henderson will have other problems to cope with than an embittered controversy upon the details of a tariff. The speech seems clearly inspired by the British Board of Trade, which, ever since 1914, has been the most reactionary of the government's departments. It is irreconcilable with the labor programmes. It has already evoked hostile comment from important groups of industrial opinion. Delivered as it was to one of the most notoriously backward associations of English capital, it seems rather a bid for commercial support than a real attempt to grapple with the problem. No such programme can be attempted in the face of labor and American opposition; and there is every evidence that these have already been aroused.

PROBABLY we have heard the last of the talk about the superior reliability of the German official communiqués. Ever since the Germans began their retrograde movement the German communiqués have been growing briefer, more occupied with accounts of unimportant successes in sectors of no consequence to the great battle. The communiqué of August 3rd, for example, tells of beating off a strong British attack southeast of Ypres, of considerable losses inflicted on the Allies in minor engagements, of one hundred prisoners captured in the Champagne. That is all. Not a syllable to indicate that the Germans had been forced to yield ground over a fifty kilometer front, at certain points to a depths of ten kilometers, and that whatever chance the Germans may have had of establishing a stable front south of the Aisne was very materially reduced by this loss of terrain. German communiqués, it appears clear, are tolerably reliable only when the Germans are winning. They can be counted on to break all records for concealment of facts when the tide runs against Germany. And naturally, our own communiqués will gain in historical value in the same circumstances.

The War and Votes for Women

PRESIDENT WILSON'S letters to Senator Shields pleading for the submission of the Federal Suffrage Amendment have passed with comparatively little comment in the newspapers, but they contain, nevertheless, a message to the American people about the war of startling scope and significance. In them he affirms comprehensively and emphatically the mutually dependent relation between victory for the Allies and an uncompro-

missing liberalism of domestic policy, and he includes as a necessary contribution to victorious liberalism the enfranchisement of women. "Much of the morale of this country and of the world will repose," he says, "in our sincere adherence to democratic principles"; and he adds that the passage of the suffrage amendment at this time is "an essential psychological element in the conduct of the war for democracy. Our action on this amendment will have an important and immediate influence upon the whole atmosphere and morale of the nations engaged in the war and every day I am coming to see how supremely important that side of the whole thing is." What a complete vindication of the workers for suffrage! And what a revolutionary growth in his own opinions! Six years ago votes for women were not even included in the "New Freedom" which Mr. Wilson's administration was to bestow on the American people. Two years ago suffrage had appeared above the political horizon, but it was declared to be an essentially local political question which should be left for decision to the states. He warned suffrage workers against impatience and against forcing such an insubordinate and inconvenient issue into national politics. Today the enfranchisement of women has become a matter of immediate, critical, national and international importance—so much so that senators are urged to vote for it as a binding patriotic obligation. Unless we enfranchise women we shall be fighting to safeguard a democracy which, to that extent, we have never bothered to create.

In this appeal to Senator Shields the President has more emphatically than ever before repudiated the ordinary tory and militarist attitude towards the successful prosecution of the war. From the beginning the Tories have joined the liberals in proclaiming the necessity of defeating Germany in order to safeguard democracy, but they have violently dissented from any assertion of the reciprocal necessity of promoting democracy in order to defeat Germany. They have labored to bring into existence a moral attitude towards the war which was willing to sacrifice everything for victory, yet which purged the conception of victory from all positive association with liberal and democratic achievement; and they have labored no less assiduously to fasten the stigma of defeatism and even pro-Germanism upon those liberals to whom it was, as the President says, "supremely important" to prove during the war itself the sincerity of our devotion to democratic purposes. These liberals have always believed they were placing the only fair interpretation on the President's own statement of the issue of the war, but never before has he so explicitly joined them in proclaim-

ing the futility and even the improbability of a military victory over Prussianism which was not associated with an increase of democracy in American domestic and foreign policy.

As a consequence of their general attitude the Tories have protested vigorously against the use of military exigencies as the excuse for consummating economic and political reforms. They have insisted, whenever a war emergency seemed to demand some innovation in political or economic policy, upon a promise to return to the status quo ante as soon as the war is over. They have of course some measure of justification in assuming this attitude. Many decisions taken during the abnormal emergency of war will need reconsideration at a later date and under more normal conditions, and the truth of this statement may be accepted even by those who question whether the alteration in social and economic facts will permit a return to the status quo ante. But conservatives are not justified on this ground in opposing economic and political readjustments which by their very nature cannot later be reconsidered, but which would none the less improve the administrative efficiency or the popular morale of the nation during war. The kind of national moral unity which contributes to military victory during war is gravely injured by postponing until the end of hostilities the satisfaction of grievances whose existence has impaired national moral unity during peace. A prolonged and exhausting war places a terrific strain upon the whole fabric of class, sectional and popular loyalty. It brings out the imperfections in the existing national organization. Some of these imperfections, such as profiteering, the exploitation of labor and the waste in the distribution of food, can be dealt with by temporary measures which can later be reconsidered. Others, such as the enfranchisement of women and the grant of Home Rule to Ireland, call for practically irrevocable remedies. But if the latter are dodged, because the decision is irrevocable, the government which connives at the evasion suffers a loss in national moral vitality. The unity of a democratic nation both in war and peace depends upon its ability to recognize genuine grievances and in applying the needed remedies.

President Wilson did not exaggerate in declaring the submission to the states of the Federal Amendment to be "an essential psychological element in the conduct of the war for democracy." The refusal after the experience of the past two years to grant political equality to women by the simplest, the quickest, and the most decisive method would form a contemptible exhibition of American masculine ineptitude and of moral obtuseness. It would justify English, French, Russian and German

radicals in doubting the sincerity of a nation which raised such a hullabaloo about its democracy but which persisted in condemning half of its population as political inferiors and outcasts. It would justify them in asking whether a nation which was capable of such flagrant hypocrisy would not be equally capable of arming to safeguard the world for democracy and then of using the resulting increase of power, as our Navy League would have us use it, for the sake of America "über alles." But worst of all, it would divide Americans against one another. Many of the ablest and most public spirited women in the country would be chagrined and disheartened at the refusal by Congress to do what it could to grant them official partnership in the political democracy for which their brothers and husbands and sons are fighting. They would feel keenly the hypocrisy, the injustice, the sheer callous pigheadedness of such a refusal, and they would feel it all the more because the Congressional refusal would compel them to expend on suffrage agitation a fund of political energy and social aspiration which they would prefer to use in contending against the enemies of democracy abroad rather than in this country.

The suffragists are not putting a pistol to the head of Congress and threatening to shoot in the event of a refusal to redress their grievances. If American women are still denied equality of political responsibility they will not, except in the case of a small minority, either rebel or sulk. They will continue to behave just as if their masters had kindly granted to them an official share in the democratic cause on behalf of which they are laboring and suffering. But neither will they abandon their present course of combining with war work suffrage agitation. If they were to connive at their own disfranchisement at the very moment when throughout the world women were triumphantly vindicating their title to full political and social partnership with men, it is they rather than their opponents who would be exhibiting political ineptitude and moral ignorance. For they would have a perfect demonstration of the inability of their opponents to be converted by anything except force majeure.

It is a significant fact that no conspicuous American male anti-suffragist has followed Mr. Asquith's example and allowed himself to be converted by the contribution to the democratic cause which women have made during the long harrowing process of the war. Yet can any one search the record with an unclouded mind and doubt whether women have not earned the right to full political and social partnership with men? Wherein have they failed in this exacting test of civic ability and virtue? Have they shown any greater reluctance

than men to pay the necessary cost of the war in labor and suffering? Have they betrayed any less courage and fortitude in accepting sacrifice and danger? Have they not been as flexible and alert as men in adapting themselves to novel and trying circumstances? Have they not discovered a heretofore neglected ability to occupy exacting technical, executive and consultative positions? Have they not risen at least as well as men to every political and social responsibility imposed upon them and to every practical opportunity placed in their way? Their net gain from the war, as William Allen White has finely said, has been a gain in fellowship. For the first time in modern history they have played a subtle and indispensable part in a great political enterprise, and in asking Congress to do what it can to incorporate them in the body politic they are only asking for a belated grudging acknowledgment of a manifest and implacable fact.

In one respect only has women's part in this war been sharply distinguished from that of men. They have not carried arms. They are killed by bombs, but they do not themselves kill. Many anti-suffragists will consider this difference of function decisive. Southern senators will still doubt whether any part of the population which was not capable, if necessary, of fighting its way to the polls is entitled to the vote. Political publicists to whom the state is fundamentally the organization of power to preserve order will still doubt whether any citizen should vote who could not be enrolled in a posse comitatus. The difference is, it is true, decisive, but it is decisive in favor of granting the suffrage to women, not in refusing it. Every nation which enfranchises women proclaims thereby a final repudiation of the politics of compulsion and binds itself in honor to cultivate the politics of consent. That is why President Wilson did not exaggerate when he declared that the action of Congress on the suffrage amendment would have "an important and immediate influence upon the whole atmosphere and morale of the nations engaged in the war." By incorporating in the body politic the sex whose influence and power must always depend upon persuasion and consent rather than compulsion America would be consummating democracy in the way which would most sharply distinguish it from Prussianism. American men would, in effect, be saying to American women: "Although formerly we denied to you any sufficient responsibility for the foreign policy in which our part in this war originated, you have assumed your full share of the sacrifices at a time when without such cooperation we men would have failed. We interpret your aid as an indication that in the future as in the present you, the physically weaker sex, will assist us to use force in so far as force may again be needed to

safeguard democracy, and we pledge in return that hereafter you shall be fully consulted about the national policy in the interest of which you have so cheerfully and so loyally labored and suffered." We pity the American man who fails to divine the sheer moral obliquity which may prevent him from endorsing those words.

An Allied Economic Agreement

IN Lloyd George's pronouncements on economic restrictions to be imposed upon Germany after the war, there is a rational core demanding serious consideration, however little we may like the spirit that appears to animate them. Without doubt it may be necessary to place ourselves in a position to impose drastic restrictions on German trade after the war. Control of world trade will be found to be one of the chief bargaining assets of the Allies when peace negotiations are actually opened. Accordingly, whether Germany is to be admitted to equal participation in the benefits of such trade, or to be placed under more or less severe handicaps, are questions that ought to remain open until the proper time comes for closing them. Apparently Lloyd George attempts partly to close them by the threat that the longer the war lasts the harsher will be the terms imposed upon Germany. The position appears to us untenable. If it were accepted generally by the Allies, much of the bargaining value of the Allied control of trade would be lost. We are going to demand that Germany relinquish various territorial conquests, and in return what will we offer: access to the trade for which she is yearning? According to Lloyd George, no; we shall continue to restrict her for her past sins. That may be human nature; but it is not business.

On the other hand, to take the extreme liberal position and proclaim that when peace comes, no matter on what territorial and political terms, Germany shall automatically come into full possession of equal trading rights, is also to waste the Allied assets at the peace conference. Germany will make no concessions on account of Allied trade control if she is morally certain that the world's markets will be opened to her for nothing. It is true that no responsible Allied statesman has promised Germany that peace, whatever its terms, will make of her a most favored nation. But Germany is not likely to concern herself greatly over words when she can rest her calculations upon a broad basis of facts. She knows perfectly well that unless the Allies can present a solid front in matters of economic policy their control of trade cannot extend beyond

the period of the war. Now, at the present time we are not presenting a solid front. Our European allies may regard themselves as bound by the Paris Economic Agreement, but as Lloyd George points out, America has never subscribed to that agreement. Neither are our Latin-American allies bound by it. If the peace conference were convened tomorrow, Germany would pretty certainly assume that the materials and the markets of the greater part of the western continent would be accessible to her if she could finance her trade. Pressure might indeed be applied to the American nations by England, France and Italy, who control many of the materials we require. But we could apply pressure on our side, with the quite conceivable result that conflicts of interest and sentiment might arise within the Allied camp, to the great comfort and benefit of Germany.

So long, then, as we have not arrived at a binding economic agreement with our Allies the Germans are justified in regarding Allied control of trade as an asset of doubtful value, in no way to be regarded as an equivalent to alien provinces occupied by German armies. And this fact points to a necessity for prompt action. We cannot tell when Germany will make serious overtures for peace. We do know, however, that the establishment of an economic agreement among all the nations at war with Germany is a work that requires time, and that this work must be accomplished before peace negotiations are opened, if we are to exploit the situation satisfactorily. And the initiative in the matter will have to be taken by America. We do not like the terms of the Paris Economic Agreement, which still appears satisfactory to our European allies. Very well. What terms do we propose? Lloyd George does not directly raise this question, but it appears to be his obvious intent to suggest it.

In the first place, America would probably be willing to enter upon reasonable arrangements with her Allies for the control of raw materials after the war. There will not be enough of wool, leather, copper, tin and many other materials to supply even the immediately pressing needs of the nations engaged in reconstruction. There will be a shortage of ocean carriage, a shortage of machinery and railway supplies, a shortage of wheat and meat. Rationing, under governmental auspices, will be an imperative necessity. Under the most satisfactory conceivable peace terms, we cannot permit Germany to enter the world's markets with her full power of commercial organization and wrest away supplies needed equally by Allied nations more seriously impoverished by war than Germany herself. With the right kind of peace, Germany ought to get her share, but not more than her share, and only an economic agreement thoroughly worked

out in the near future can assure such an equitable arrangement.

But suppose that the war ends with Germany unrepentant, clinging to enough of her spoils to make plausible her claim to victory, what should our economic policy be? Plainly, the danger of a recrudescence of world war ought to be paramount in our calculations. We ought to be equipped with a thoroughly elaborated policy for restricting German trade and industry in every possible way. An unregenerate Germany would use wealth acquired by trade as a foundation for future aggressive policies. The exclusion of Germany from world trade would work incidental losses to other nations, and these losses would be unequally distributed. For this contingency adequate provision ought to be made in the economic agreement. If Belgium, for example, finds herself permanently handicapped by loss of German markets and the entrepot trade, it should be the business of the greater Allied nations to find her new markets, to develop new possibilities of employment for her population.

So far, in principle, America would doubtless be willing to go. She would enter upon a plan for the equitable rationing of the nations after the conclusion of a satisfactory peace. She would accept her share in the costs of an economic war after the war, if Germany emerges from the present contest puffed up with a consciousness of victory and menacing the world with new disasters. An agreement covering these points would appear to America both fair and expedient. But an agreement going beyond this to a purely punitive policy, designed to treat Germany the more harshly the more completely she is forced to acknowledge military defeat would encounter in America not perhaps active opposition, but all the doubts and delays that characterize the negative side of American policy. It is an immense readjustment of ideas and institutions that is required of America before she can participate in any form of international economic union. She is not likely to make such a readjustment if the sound objects of the proposed union are infected with purely punitive purposes.

Democracy in Bethlehem

SOME weeks ago there was a swarming of governmental inspectors to the mills of the Bethlehem Steel Company. There was great unrest among the skilled workers at Bethlehem. Some thousands of machinists and electricians had gone on strike. Deliveries of guns and projectiles both to the Army and Navy were being seriously delayed. Many investigations were started. Bethlehem's Chief of Police, an appointee of a Vice-President of the Steel Company who happened

also to be Mayor of Bethlehem, had already investigated the trouble and had a pat and perfect explanation. "A number of different I. W. W. elements, socialist elements, anarchist elements and pro-German elements seem to be mixed up in a general attempt to stop production at a number of different plants here." A problem, it would appear, for the Department of Justice rather than the War Labor Board. But the Board was not so easily convinced. It assumed jurisdiction and held hearings. It has handed down a decision which throws a curious light on democracy as it exists at Bethlehem.

The unrest at Bethlehem had culminated in a strike of two groups of workers, machinists and electricians. Both groups sent committees to confer with the management. The committee of the electricians was received by the company's officials because they came as individuals, as "our own men" as the phrase goes at Bethlehem. The committee of the machinists refused to disavow their connection with the machinists union. They were not received. President Grace explained that he was unwilling to treat with them because they "savored of organization." Denied a hearing, the machinists went on strike.

The *savor of organization*, not anarchists or the I. W. W., had interfered with the delivery of projectiles and guns!

Before the strike, or lockout, in the men's version, the machinists allege that they had a series of experiences curiously out of harmony with their conception of democracy. They say that men were discharged with no reason given, taken from the shops by policemen as though they were criminals, blacklisted and persecuted simply because they were members of the International Association of Machinists, one of the largest unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. They hired a hall in Bethlehem. The proprietor later refused them the use of the room on the ground that he had been instructed by the Chief of Police, representing the Mayor who was also Vice-President of the Company, that he must not permit unions to meet in his building. The machinists then hired a hall in Allentown, some miles away. Following the first hearing of their case in Washington they caught a Pinkerton detective in their meeting, had him arrested and haled before the Mayor of Allentown, who fined him fifty dollars. About this time they presented testimony to the War Department in support of their charge that the company was using the draft law and the local draft board to coerce men into remaining in the mills by the improper withdrawal of their industrial exemptions. The Company, they allege—and their charge appears to be sustained by the decision of the War

Labor Board—not only refused to meet their committee, because, as President Grace stated, it savored of organization, but also sought to disrupt and crush their union by intimidation, the use of stool-pigeons, and by force applied through the constituted authorities with a Vice-President of the Company at their head.

The War Labor Board, in handing down its decision, announces that its investigations revealed conditions "that were undoubtedly reflected in lost production of important war materials." Bethlehem needs the constant services not only of all the employees it has but of thousands of additional workers. Delay in the Bethlehem mill means an immediately reduced flow of essential munitions to our soldiers in France. During the year ending May 31, 1917, Bethlehem hired 55,859 new men and lost 49,540. During the year ending May 31, 1918, the company hired 57,423 while 56,771 quit their jobs. The loss of essential projectiles and guns due to this inexcusably demoralizing turnover is enormous. In his testimony before the War Labor Board, Vice-President Lewis of the Company stated that the men were still shifting at a rate that would bring the labor turnover for the current year to 118 per cent; for every hundred jobs, one hundred and eighteen men would quit. The Company lays this ruinous situation to the irresponsibility of the men and the ease with which good jobs can now be found all through the country.

No doubt there are elements of truth in this explanation; but the immediate cause of the strike of the machinists supplies a more illuminating answer.

To stimulate production through the appropriate reward of special ability the Company pays a bonus to men who complete certain tasks within a time limit fixed by the management. The particular system of bonus payments practised at Bethlehem appears to be exceedingly complicated. One half of the protracted hearings before the War Labor Board were consumed in efforts to disentangle its intricacies. President Grace himself is said to have stumbled awkwardly in trying to explain it. Many of the workmen were utterly bewildered by it and were convinced that it was a deliberate system of hocus pocus to cheat them of their earnings. No doubt they were the victims of their own stupidity; the system probably has very great scientific merit.

But that is beside the real point. The real point is that the men had no part in devising the system and were not granted a voice in supervising its application. A committee of the organized men testified to their conviction that if the Company would

admit them into moderately democratic cooperation, the tangle could be straightened out and the suspicion of the men allayed. But this suggestion also savored of organization. The officers of the Company reiterated that they hired not committees but men, and that they could deal with their own men as individuals only. The men replied that they preferred not to risk being fired individually. The Company stood on principle as on a firm rock. Thousands of men quit their jobs; more than two thousand organized machinists quit in a body. The delivery of projectiles and guns to the Army and Navy was delayed.

On April 16th of this year, the Company, in order to compensate for the shortage of production incident to its huge labor turnover, decided to change from three eight hour shifts to a day shift of ten hours and twenty-five minutes and a night shift of twelve hours and forty-five minutes. That the longer runs are in the interest of maximum continuous production may be doubted. The War Labor Board has decided that they are not. But the change might have been justified on the grounds of the war emergency. And no doubt it might have been made without disastrous friction if the men had been taken into the Company's confidence and asked to cooperate. But the Company runs its own business. Without preliminary formalities, the Company simply posted a notice, a sort of imperial ukase, promulgating the change to go into effect at 6.40 a.m. on April 16th.

The federal regulations stipulate the basic eight hour day on war contract work and time and a half for overtime. This is a very simple arrangement. But it was thrown out of kilter by the bonus system practised at Bethlehem. Under the Company's regulations a man who earns a bonus in excess of the time and a half rate is paid the bonus only without the additional time and a half.

Upon patient reflection one can see how the Company aimed to preserve the incentive of the bonus system while keeping within the federal regulations. But no attempt was made to get across to the men collectively; they got shockingly mixed up in their reckonings. They couldn't make out just where the bonus system left off and time and a half begun. They had been suspicious of the bonus before. The new arrangement combined with the change from three to two shifts drove them to exasperation. Committees of the more intelligent men tried to prevent trouble by seeking conferences with the management. But the Company could not dissociate their call from the savor of organization. They were not heard. Many quit; thousands of the best men struck. The production of projectiles and guns was delayed.

Such was democracy at Bethlehem. But the War Labor Board has decreed an end of the old dispensation. To the Board, the savor of organization, so far from being a vile thing, is of the essence of democracy. The Board has decreed that the workers shall have the right to organize and bargain collectively and that the Company shall not interfere with this right in any manner whatsoever. Its decision orders the revision or complete elimination of the trouble-making bonus system, applies the basic eight hour day with payment at the rate of time and a half for all overtime work and double time for Sunday and holidays. It provides that the piece-work rates shall be revised by the management in cooperation with committees of the workers and representatives of the War Ordnance Bureau, and that a permanent local board of mediation and conciliation, consisting of six members, three chosen by the Company, and three by the workers, shall be established to effect agreements on future disputed points not covered by the award. If the decree of the War Labor Board is rigidly enforced tomorrow will see a new type of democracy at Bethlehem.

In announcing its award the War Labor Board emphasizes the peculiar importance of its decision. The steel industry has been like a great island fortified against the rising flood of trade unionism. The savor of organization has been anathema there. Will the industry now yield to the spirit of the times as expressed by the War Labor Board? Or will it stand on ancient principles as the telegraph companies stood?

Owing to the scarcity of paper, the Index for Volume XV, which was completed with No. 195, has been printed separately. It will be mailed on request, post free, to any subscriber who, in the course of this month, will send us his name and address on a post card directed to the NEW REPUBLIC, 421 West 21st street, New York City.

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1918, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.
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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FOUR DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FOUR DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, FIVE DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE: REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.
ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

Raymond Robins

SO Raymond Robins is back, back from Russia. He knows Lenin now, and Trotsky. He knows them well. As a colonel in the American Red Cross he had dealings with them day after day and month after month. And people say that he does not think they are German agents. And they say that he regards the Soviets as organs of genuine and active beliefs among the Russian people. And they say that he is opposed to armed attack upon the Soviets. Which is natural, they say. Robins is a socialist.

I know Robins through and through. He is our principal present witness about Russia. What are his qualifications?

Socialism is not among them. He knows more arguments against socialism than any other man I have ever listened to. He specializes on arguments against socialism. And he specializes on saving people from socialism.

He tapped at my door in Chicago, years ago, at night, late. He had been a resident at the settlement called the Chicago Commons. And he had been head-resident at the settlement managed by Northwestern University. He had refused to be called head-resident. He wanted a "group," a "free" group. All residents should be equal. If, then, of their own free will they followed Robins, well and good. It was well and good. They followed Robins. He was not head-resident in title, but he was admittedly head-resident by merit in fact. And I opened my door and let him in.

He bore a book, a thick book, from Australia. I have it yet, pickled on my shelves. It consists of arguments against socialism, imported and added to his stock. This book he handed to me, and said that he understood I was about to join the Socialist Party. I protested that I had no such intention whatsoever. He was not deterred. If I did not need a cure, apparently I was due to get a protective vaccine. I gave him a chair, and he tossed his hair back and stretched his right hand out and began.

He is a great orator. A great orator must have incandescence, physical as well as mental. He has it. His enormous physical fighting vigor is as much a part of him as his fighting thought. He thinks, he acts, he speaks with all of him. You feel his whole personality gathered up and hurled at you, instincts as much as ideas, with an impact stunning. And it is always the same, always in violent motion, always at white heat. He needs no audience to fire him. He will orate to five thousand people. He will orate to five hundred. He will orate to five. He will orate to one. His speech on socialism to

me, sitting solitary opposite him and trying to look like a mass-meeting, was one of the greatest speeches I ever heard him make.

At about two o'clock he ceased. He is the only American I would gamble on to talk a Bolshevik under the table. I was in full and final possession of all conceivable differences between the "co-operative commonwealth" and real "fundamental democracy." I pointed out a couch. He took it. And he called for an alarm-clock and set it for five. And at five he rose and went off downtown to open up the Municipal Lodging House, of which he was the public director, and to give his guests there an early-morning start on their daily quest for work.

He knew broken men. He knew spent men. Himself unbreakable and unspendable, sleeping when he found a bed, eating when he happened on food, he labored on behalf of the exploited and exhausted; but, in defiance of the suspicion naturally aroused against him in some quarters by such conduct, he is not a socialist. He supported Hughes prominently in 1916. No, he is not a socialist.

But he is an agitator. He is. And an adventurer. Yes. When Alaska was at its roughest, Robins was in Alaska. When Chicago was the hottest spot politically in America, Robins was in Chicago. When Russia was chaos and a rainbow, Robins was in Russia. He is always following the storm and the arc of promise.

In a certain eastern city not far from New York there is a local statesman who loves to recount his first sight of Robins. He was conducting a campaign, this statesman, against some local evil. I think it had to do with excessive public utility franchises. Into his office one day there came a young man, dark, with hair very black and very straight, and with the tread of an Indian on the trail. There he was. He had come to help. He announced no reason and no origin. Simply, he had come. The statesman took him out to a meeting, a meeting of workingmen, and tried him on them. When he was through, "You can talk all you want to," said the statesman. The stranger talked morning, noon and night for a couple of weeks. Then the campaign was over. And, bag in hand, he rushed through the statesman's office saying good-by. "Hold on," said the statesman, "our account. Expenses at least." "No account," said Robins. "I'm off." "But wait," said the statesman, "wait and answer. Who? Why? Whence? Whither?" "I saw about your fight in the newspapers," said Robins, "and I liked it, and I came, and I have enough money, and I'm off to organize a union among the steel-workers

in a town in Pennsylvania." And he was off.

In Pennsylvania, in such towns, there were citizens of the professionally respectable sort who tried to get rid of him with guns. But he does not mind guns. In Alaska he got enough dust to be financially independent and enough sand to look at guns familiarly. He looked at them familiarly in Russia. I am told by colleagues of his that in Russia he wore his American uniform and floated his American flag from his motor car at times when even regular army officers in the Allied services went about in civilians' clothes to avoid annoyance. Robins does not avoid annoyances. I suspect him of enjoying the gesture of meeting them. He might have been a good "bad man" in Alaska if he had not been a "sky-pilot."

He preached there and, for that matter, he preaches everywhere. He turned from Chicago politics to the "Men and Religion Forward Movement," and preached all over the United States. And you can never tell when he will preach. He has been known to begin an address on something like municipal ownership with the remark, "I think I will preach instead. My text is the third verse of the fourth chapter of—" And the audience which came to listen to economics and politics listened to exegetics and ethics. But they are all one to Robins. He is always an evangelist, and (in long preparation for his mission to Russia) he has always been an evangelist not merely from the platform, but man to man, man to men, to hundreds and hundreds of men, even I sometimes think to thousands personally, individually, knowing them, knowing their souls.

Even before he ran for United States Senator on the Progressive ticket in 1914, his acquaintance was prodigious, and still, with an unconscious prophetic eye to Russia, it embraced every thinkable variety of progressive, liberal, radical, socialist, syndicalist, immunist, anarchist. He knew the bourgeois reformers, like Walter Fisher, intimately, and he labored with them for clean aldermen. He is not above the bourgeois virtues. He has them, down to the latest, including not drinking and not smoking. He knew the leaders of the Chicago Federation of Labor intimately, and he labored with them for more self-government in industry. He knew that the bourgeois virtues are not enough, in themselves, to make a just society. He knew his own Seventeenth Ward intimately, precinct by precinct, group by group, Italians, Poles, Russian Jews. He had seen much of Europe before he went to Europe. He was a member of the Chicago Board of Education when it held Jane Addams, Dr. Cornelia De Bey, Mrs. Emmons Blaine, Louis Post. Whoever lived through that board knew radical conflicts. He listened to Bolsheviks. The "impossibilist"

socialists in convention halls on North Clark were crazy with the precise craziness of Lenin. And he argued with "regular" socialists at the Friday Club. A. M. Simons, who is now in Europe representing the pro-war element of American socialism, was a member. He wrote a marvelous pamphlet on the economic foundation of art. Everything had to be economic for Simons. For Robins everything had to be mystical. He produced at the Friday Club a sudden and eloquent oration on the mystical foundation of marriage. The enraged followers of the materialistic conception of history assured him that with his talents he could have produced an equally good one on the mystical foundation of the commission form of government. And I dare say he could have. But he was not thinking of the commission form of government. He had seen Margaret Dreier.

I hear that certain people say that the Soviets are pro-German and that Robins's attitude toward them is fixed by the fact that Robins's wife is of German descent. They thereby say that Mrs. Robins is pro-German. They thereby confess themselves anti-American. Anybody who calls anybody else pro-German, on the ground of German descent, without further inquiry and information, is a lost outcast from the meaning of America. Every German name on our list of casualties on the western front damns him to the nethermost circle of black renegades from the American spirit. We fought England with Englishmen and are fighting Germany with ex-Germans. The fact is that Margaret Dreier Robins is as strong for Pershing's army as Pershing himself.

Arguments from hypotheses are marvelous. Mrs. Robins was born rich, therefore she is reactionary. Only, she isn't. And through her, and through her work in the organizing of trade unions among women, Robins extended his acquaintance further among rank and file workers and among the enthusiasts who gather those workers together, out of the frequent lethargy and even against their frequent reluctance, and lead them. He came to be one of America's most accomplished connoisseurs in cranks. But he also knew a multitude of sane and useful persons; merchants, manufacturers, bankers seem to like to call him in and have him appear before them in the guise of the prophet Nathan saying relentlessly, "Thou art the man." I should guess that he has convicted more industrial sinners of sin than anybody else among us. If he were an artist, which he is not, he could write a stupendous novel of our contemporaneous economic and political struggle. He knows the ideas. But many people know the ideas. Few people know the men, the women, the hundreds of types of men and women, revolutionary and counter revolu-

tionary, who are the typical pivots of the struggle, giving it its human weaknesses and its human strengths and its human destinies. Robins knows them.

With this equipment, with such qualifications, he went to Russia. I do not say that his conclusions about Russia are totally right. For me a good man and a great man, but even for me he is only one man, and Russia is too vast, too mighty, to be reported entire by any one man. What I do say is that Robins is a competent witness, competent by training, and that his testimony must be received as being in the highest degree valuable. And our misery is that our stock of such testimony is so slender.

How many really competent witnesses, competent to tell a Bolshevik from a Menshevik without looking at their labels, have we received back from Russia? You could count them on two hands, perhaps on one hand. Are we determined to be ignorant about Russia? The Germans are not. Are we afraid? The Germans are not. Mirbach is murdered at Moscow. The Germans stay in

Russia. Eichhorn is murdered at Kiev. The Germans stay, not only soldiers but civilians, in thousands. The most pitiable spectacle in the world today is the Allies peering over the rim of Russia and bleating about German propaganda, while the Germans adventure themselves to Russia's centre. Our best emissary to Russia, if he were not detained by another occupation, would be Woodrow Wilson with his divinations of the flows of democratic thought. It is not given to anybody else to divine as he does, without training for it, and without contact. But we have hundreds, we have thousands, of men and women taught by training and taught by contact to penetrate the radical thought of a radical country. Why not send them? Will they be murdered? How many Americans have been murdered in Russia? How many Americans are being murdered on the line from Belgium to Switzerland?

Till Robins's testimony about Russia is undermined by testimony equally competent and more voluminous, it stands strong.

WILLIAM HARD.

Theodore Roosevelt

Proëm

Spirit of Roosevelt! Strenuously descend
And take all pale consistency away;
Give me blunt, forthright speech the truth to say,
Let rough and smooth in due proportion blend.

Let there be smack and smatter reverend
Of classic letters' now archaic day,
With gusto too of snappy modern lay—
All which, well pondered, suits the gear I tend.

Great Theodore, wert thou of lesser span,
This work one had not dared to perpetrate;
If thou these reckless lines dost deign to scan
One hopes that thou canst bear to estimate
Better the faithful wounds of friendly man
Than thrusts of enemy exacerbate.

Antitheses, I

Too childlike to dissimulate thy soul
Its envy, pride, ambition, self-regard;
Too hero-spirited to let the hard
Average eyes see clear thy purpose whole,

Too framed for action and for common life
To please the artist, scholar, sage or saint;
Of sloth and cowardice so free from taint
That with the crowd, too, thou art doomed to strife.

And yet of that crowd's greater, saner part,
Its manlier, homelier traits and instincts sound,
Time-honored decencies, the voice thou art,

The type, exponent. Thus in thee is found,
Though of patrician mould, high Nietzschean heart,
Of simple democratic faith the ground.

Antitheses, II

Silk-stockinged mugwump, thou didst vote for Blaine!
When Harvard's famed Porcellian Club had sent
Thee boist'rous forth to exercise thy bent
For giving academic persons pain.

High-souled reformer, thou didst pact with Platt!
After "alone in Cuba" thou a war
Hadst reckless won. But Platt was passing sore:
Thou didst enchain the corporations fat

To the State's car. Course antithetical
Thou dost pursue—the Union League Club's pride
And its despair. Career antipodal;
Now brash, now Machiavellian. Nought can hide
That still, in this grim hour, there is unfurled
Thy banner, Play-boy of the Western World.

The Plitudinarian

The truths by which man chiefly lives are few;
Trite, simple, platitudinous and plain;
Our "intellectuals" can see no gain
In quaffing over such insipid brew
Of doctrine. Thou—of all the sniffing crew
Of radicals, professors, aesthetes—bane,
Though rich-sophisticated twice again
As much as they, dost through thy whole life view,

Full of a kind of ecstasy and joy,
This simple homespun store of tested truth.
So energized thy soul, nothing can cloy
That eager, decent, strong, ingenuous youth
Willingly hears;—which makes thee, tireless boy,
Of threadbare maxims preacher without ruth.

The Golden Thread

Thy master passion, Roosevelt, is the state,
Not formula thereof, abstract, jejune; no sour
Teutonic theory of unbridled power
Absolved from moral check. That dost thou hate.

But passion concrete, born of thy innate
Love of America, that she be dower
Of freemen bold, united; shining tower
Of justice and of culture; valor's mate.

Ambitious, envious, selfish as thou art,
Thou has thy deepest self identified
With this high dream. Or rather, it's the heart
Of thy unconscious purpose; oft belied
By single acts of thine it is the chart
By which the Unseen Powers thy course decide.

Sun Spots, I

Demagogue arts and tricks of charlatan,
Manipulator's ruses, astute shifts,
Consummate use of histrionic gifts,
Resourceful exploit of thy fellow man—

These things the Muse of History will scan
Ironically when her pen she lifts
To make thy record, when from silt she sifts,
Of thy career, its precious shining plan.

Knowing earth's satellite cannot prevent
Th' ingerence of the lower element,
Although she governs sure the tidal boom,
Thy passion, rancor, violence will be,
For Clio, foam and surge upon the sea
Wind-swept, but yet obedient to the moon.

Sun Spots, II

Even thy envy's captious pride will seem
Not weakness base of an else noble mind,
But a creative artist's quick, purblind
Impatience exigent, his turbid gleam
Of petulance, because he cannot deem
In other's work, however fitly wrought,
The unique end achieved himself had sought,
The beauty singular of his own dream.

Jealous Prometheus stole the fire from heaven.
Unenvious, likely had not felt the nudge
To such emprise. And thus was gained the leaven
Of technic arts. Then blessed be the grudge
Of Japheth and th' Ouranidai eleven,
The Titan brood—thus do the Muses judge.

Temperament

'Tis melancholy gives unto the mind
Reflection, elevation; to the style
Distinction, whether long the bitter file
For beauty simple or severe doth grind.

Thy soul and work miss not rotundity
Of content, pith, force, humor, lively wit;
Yet, lacking melancholy, never hit
Burke's splendor and his rich profundity.

Depths and shoals of this strange temperament,
To choicest natures as their portion sent
In thee do wholly want; thou lovest not
The Rabelaisian jest and uncouth folly
Of Lincoln's surcharged soul; and never got
His brooding, high, majestic melancholy.

The Philistine

Great Cromwell, Luther, Bunyan—Arnold named
Philistines, though ascribing genius great.
Had the sharp critic lived to see thy state
Another of like mould he had proclaimed.

In spite of savor in thee of the famed
Admirable Crichton, maugre, elate,
Romantic soul, aristocratic gait,
Thou, too, Philistine, must be gently blamed.

'Tis this that from thy side, alas, doth drive
Some choicest spirits, sons of Science cool,
Or to sweet Beauty's splendor all alive;

'Tis this that lovers keen doth alienate
Of poor Assisi's blithe and holy fool
And of rich Florence's stern laureate.

Moralistic Roosevelt

Our "radicals" and "intellectuals"
Are full of science and philosophy;
Zoology hath e'en their benison,
They know full well it brings home venison.

Why are they full of hate effectual
Thou first-rate "outdoor scientist" 'gainst thee?
Is it because thou are spectacular?
Lack Wilson's elegance vernacular?

Or is't because in matters sexual
Pertaining to Anadyomen
Thou art no better than old-fashioned soul
When't comes to unions free and birth control?

I think just there I've made the stroke heuristic;
The New Republic calls thee "moralistic."

Truths Astringent

That even right cannot dispense with might,
That God Himself is Love but also Power,
That gentle rectitude, alone, the hour
Of evil cannot stay nor cure its blight.

That e'en Utopia cannot long subsist
In peace and frugal plenty, without light
Of culture high, nor this, without the right
Of excellence on power to close its fist.

That man's task to be sure is to transform
What of the ape and tiger doth persist,
But also of the rabbit to resist
The rutting, of the lamb the silly norm.

These truths astringent, tonic, thou hast taught
Grim realist, by mollicoddles fought.

The Liberal

A liberal, yes; a libertarian, no.
Although not fond of jurist pedantry,
No formalist to press the tyranny
Of stale convention, though inclined to go
Too cross-quick to thy goal, scorning the slow,
Safe round-about of regularity,
Thou'rt yet of order and authority
Th' uncompromising friend; the anarch's foe.

Full well thou lov'st that each should have free lot
To build his destiny, his own course plan;
Other equality than this forgot,
Thou hold'st the trained, free, bold, upstanding man
As culture's goal—a humanist, but not,
To suit the age, humanitarian.

Nineteen Twelve

I like thee now, but I did like thee more
In Nineteen-twelve, when all the obscene train
Of Pharisees and Sadducees, with bane
Of lawyer-vermin, hypocrites, and corps
Of pimps and panders to the mighty whore
Plutocracy, like —, —, —,
Did spit upon thee. All who grind amain
The faces of God's poor, and burdens sore
Too heavy to be borne on children bind
With fetters galling-tight of judge-made law,
Encompassed thee and maddened thee to schism.

Sepulchres whitened! Where there's nought to find
Save dead men's bones, and coming from their maw,
The acrid stench of foul conservatism.

Nineteen Twenty

Oh, do not trust them! Though thy course doth lie
At present close to theirs, and they do aim
To use thee, aye to crown thee, for their game,
With leadership. Keep thou a wary eye.

They are not with thee. In dank foetid sty
Of Plutocratic greed can burn no flame
Of nationalist hope, as thine the same,
Whose heart from Mammon's lust is clean and dry.

Let them not use thee, but do thou use them.
Their skill and wealth right fitly are empowered
To arm the host that thou wilt lead, 'gainst horde

Of semi-Bolsheviki, whether stem
Of Marx or Wells, with millions richly dowered
By Hearst, by Baruch and by Henry Ford.

The Highbrow Press

The Survey doth not like thee; e'en Saint Jane
In grief doth ban thee from the sacred fane.
The Public cannot bear thee; Henry George
In hidden heavens thunderbolts doth forge
To lay thee low. From mouldy cerements
Of mid-Victorian days, there come the vents
Of Garrisonian passion's high disdains,
With clank of Dives Villard's golden chains.

The Nation to the New Republic cries,
The latter to the Masses—cunning elf
Itself to "liberate" by quick disguise.

They charge thee not with murder, pilfered pelf;
No! No! 'Tis thus the accusation lies;
Oh, Theodore, why art thou so thyself?

The Pair of Shears

Our English cousins hold in better light
One feature strong of Party Government:
That Opposition's constant drive is sent
As goad, check, complement, with might
Of criticism sharp, with bitter spite
Of rivalry, to press the course's bent.
We'd hold in our good-natured sentiment
Wilson and thee as brothers in our sight.

A pair of brothers! That's to fall in rut
Of ordinary thought. The notion fades
When one beholds how 'tis with pair of shears
Columbia's hand firm-flexing skills to cut,
Mid gnash and bite of two cross-moving blades,
The ample garment of her coming years.

The Cross-moving Blade, I

The moon that saw, o'er Flanders' bounds, the might
Of frightfulness break forth from Prussian lair,
Found thee obliged in gratitude to spare
Three months of strenuous battle for the bright
Cordon of leaders who in name of right
Had joined thee in adventure bold. This care
Scarcely discharged, and thou didst rouse with blare
Of trumpet, voice and torch of flaming spite
'Gainst Belgium's foes, thy sleepy countrymen
Fat gorged by Mammon's feast, by shams deceived,
Adulterously fond—or full of hate—
Of other lands. O, Gambler, it was then,
With past reverses still all unretrieved,
That thou didst risk on single throw thy fate.

The Cross-moving Blade, II

O Patriot-Gambler! thou a game didst play
For stake more precious than thine own career:
Thy country's unity, the costly gear
On gaming table left by strange delay
Of one whose hand might have been raised to stay

Poor Belgium's rapers, not to soothe our ear
 By bland vibration of the lute-strings blear
 Of strict neutrality. Let future day
 Assess what compensation did reside
 In Wilson's tactic. 'Twas thy costly part
 To stir our conscience, mind us of our state
 Unready; racial predilections chide;
 Shame us to stand, more tensely one in heart,
 Th' intrepid steady challengers of fate.

The Cross-moving Blade, III

Theodore Roosevelt, thou didst will this war.
 And more than any single other, force
 The issue of our entrance; didst divorce
 Our nation's heart from sloth and sophists' lore;

Into unwilling ears a stream didst pour
 Of fiery warning; didst pursue a course
 Brittle and steep; thy friends without remorse
 Betray; our rulers press with cavils sore.

So if this war shall bring—God will it may!—
 First fruits to realize thy lifelong dream
 Impassioned, of America's rebirth
 To tensor unity—then one dare say
 By Washington's and Lincoln's there shall gleam
 Thy name and memory in rival worth.

The Cross-moving Blade, IV

And if by side of thine a name shall gleam—
 For Roland, Oliver; a Jefferson
 Played fitly to thy role of Hamilton—
 'Twill be because war shall fulfill a dream
 More lofty than thine own (To thee doth seem
 Top-lofty?) the sweet hope that there be won
 An everlasting peace, and that the sun
 Of world-wide federation shed its beam.

If this be statesmanship, and if the Rome
 Of world-democracy shall pass from bricks
 To marble under Wilson's hand.—'Tis well!

And thou wilt something have to learn at home
 At Oyster Bay, or past th' atrocious Styx,
 Upon Elysian fields of asphodel,

Envoy

Oh, 'tis not thus that I farewell would say,
 With smirk ironical and banter bland,
 Where all America owes debt too grand
 For instant praise or lasting fame to pay.

On many a simple man who ne'er did lay
 His eager eyes on thee nor grasp thy hand,
 On many a careworn woman through the land,
 On me, too, debt more personal doth weigh.

Let all who read, then, know in thee I find—
 All vehement, flawed, turbid as thou art—
 Abundant storehouse whence I feed with dole:

*The sanity and balance of my mind,
 The hope and courage of my loyal heart,
 The energy and passion of my soul.*

RUSSELL J. WILBUR.

America and the Polish Question

I SPEAK to ask for a more widely extended interest in the complications of European politics on the part of educated Americans. I speak as one whose primary interest is in a correct settlement of the Polish question. But I address Americans because a study of the Polish question as a typical instance of European international complications will show that, without adequate American understanding, President Wilson's policy regarding the peace settlement is in danger of being accepted in principle and defeated in important details.

In his speech of January 22, 1917, President Wilson was the first statesman in the world to proclaim as a self-evident illustration of his principle of settlement on the basis of a future democracy of self-directing nations the necessity of an autonomous, independent and united Poland. At the time when he spoke these words there were in existence the secret treaties of France and Great Britain with Russia—the Russia of the Tsar's autocracy—which acknowledged the right of Russia to settle the future of Poland. There was nothing new in this agreement not to allow the Polish question to come up as an open question for international discussion. It was one stage more in the long diplomatic history of partitioned and oppressed Poland. Poland has always been what Von Hertling says Belgium now is to Germany—a pawn. It has been something to bargain with in the interests not of Poland but of nations which had their own particularistic interests to serve, an incidental weight on the scales of the balance of power.

This situation did not change when immediate exigencies of war compelled both Russia and Germany to issue proclamations in favor of an independent Poland. Germany meant by Poland only the Russian portion of Poland; Russia meant a Poland under her tutelage. The situation changed only with the Russian revolution and with the entrance of the United States into the war in behalf of the policy announced by President Wilson. Of these two things, the second is the most important. For while the revolutionary government came out in favor of a free and united Poland with a sincerity totally lacking in the ex-Tsar's policy, nevertheless the egotistic Russian interest still appeared in the assumption that the new Poland would be in a "free military union" with Russia, and that its boundaries were to be settled by the Russian Constituent Assembly. When the United States entered, Poland had for the first time a wholly disinterested force at work on its side, one whose

committal to the self-determination of Poland had no strings or reservations.

As a consequence patriotic Poles—in common with all representatives of the oppressed nationalities of Europe—are pro-American and pro-Wilson to an enthusiastic extent which perhaps few native Americans fully understand. Why did Burian refer to President Wilson as “that genius?” Not because he thought he could gain something by soft-soaping President Wilson, but because he had to. Austria-Hungary is an empire of subject nationalities, and to all of these President Wilson is literally a political Messiah. To speak in Austria-Hungary of Wilson and his policy as Von Hertling spoke of them in Germany would be an act of political suicide. Thus, while to many Americans President Wilson’s foreign policy seems general and idealistic, or even academic, to us Poles it is intensely actual and urgent. Our own future is completely bound up with its success. And since it would be easy to quote from writers of every European country that the peace of Europe (and hence of the world) can never be guaranteed until the Polish situation is stabilized, we feel that we are not merely pro-Polish in this attitude but truly pro-American as well.

So far it is all reasonably fair sailing. But there are parties and factions among the Poles as well as among other peoples. The past entanglements, divisions and intrigues have naturally left their impress upon us. The fact that Austria-Hungary has treated us better than either Russia and Germany and the fact—at bottom the same fact—that Austria is politically and as a military power the weakest of the three partitioning empires created a *relatively* pro-Austrian policy among us. Russia held much the largest part of our population in bondage and was much more open to revolutionary attack than Germany. Consequently those among us who were aggressive and for positive action were all anti-Russian. The radicals among us naturally sympathized with the Russian radicals and played an important role in the abortive Russian revolution of 1905-6. On the other side were certain large Polish industrialists who were among the leaders in the big trust development in Russia. With them were the opportunists, those who had become convinced that revolution was impossible—a faction which naturally increased after the failure of 1905-6. Their policy was to surrender political agitation, to devote themselves to maintaining Polish culture, and to come to terms with the Russian autocracy in return for cultural concessions. They even offered to help Russia against the revolutionists, if Russia would withdraw its ban on the teaching of the Polish language. These two groups were pro-Russian as the other group was

first of all definitely, aggressively anti-Russian.

These differences had their after fruits. Along with other less important causes they were responsible for the present formation of several opposed Polish groups. These groups are naturally found in the migration in this country as well as abroad. The differences between them are significant for America and for the development of American policy, as may easily be shown. The papers of July 18th reported that a bill had been introduced by Senator Hitchcock in the Senate by which the American Government recognized a free and independent Poland. Combined with this is a section that a committee in Paris shall be recognized as the official diplomatic representatives of the new state, and that the accredited representatives of this group shall have the power in this country to determine what persons among the non-naturalized Poles shall have the stigma of enemy aliens removed, and who shall remain in that status.

Were the bill to pass, the American nation would be committed to an official recognition of one of the factions which has been described. The Paris Committee consists of the reactionary pro-Russian, which means pro-Tsar, group. Surely this fact of itself shows the importance of more knowledge on the part of intelligent Americans, especially by those who are heartily committed to the President’s policy, of the complexities of the politics of European parties. It creates at least a *prima-facie* case for my statement that without such an understanding the general principles laid down by the President may be frustrated when it comes to detailed application. And certainly nothing less American in spirit, less in the spirit of fair play, could be imagined than to put in the hands of one faction power to label their adherents in this country good patriots, and members of the other faction enemy aliens, by implication potential traitors and candidates for internment or constant surveillance.

I belong to the radical faction, the K. O. N., as it is called, from the Polish initials of its title, the Committee of National Defense. As a group we are under suspicion in this country. The charges against us are three: we were opposed to the recruiting of an independent Polish army in this country, and while, in response to a request from the American Government, our opposition has ceased, we are not in active sympathy with the movement. In the second place we are charged with not having been ardently pro-Ally in the earlier years of the war. Third, we are accused of having been pro-German, and of still harboring secret inclinations to carry on pro-German propaganda. All of these charges hang together, and have a common and single explanation. It may be stated most sim-

ply and directly by saying that *as between Germany and Russia* in the earlier years of the war, we were in favor of the defeat of Russia, and in so far pro-German. The reasons are implied in what has already been said. Austria gave such freedom to Polish Galicia that it was the headquarters of our revolutionary army; with Russian Poland free, the Austrian-Polish problem was comparatively simple. In 1913 a delegation of Poles from practically all party groups went to London to inform the British officials that if a European war broke out the Poles would be with Austria as against Russia. Austria was sufficiently dependent upon us so that we could use her pressure to wring concessions from Germany. The concessions came, partly because of Austria, and even more because Germany needed the help of Russian Poland against the unexpectedly strong military demonstration of Russia. Germany set up a National Council, which became the Regency of an independent Polish state. It did not meet our desires, as it included only Russian Poland. But that is much the most populous part of Poland. We took the half-loaf and bided our time. The recruiting of our army and the propaganda for liberation from Germany went on together. When the Russian revolution was effected, the Russian menace ceased and the army was ready to turn upon Germany. Its great leader, General Pilsudski, with other officers, is now in prison in Germany because the Polish army showed its hostility to Germany. But the fact that the Polish Regency was originally established by Germany is still used to discredit all Poles who adhere to the Regency as the only government which is on Polish soil and which is acknowledged by Poles in Poland as the nucleus of our new free, united and independent Poland.

Were I to deny that before the Russian Revolution the K. O. N. frequently criticized the Entente Allies, I could at once be confuted. But autocratic Russia was then one of the Allies; and the secret treaties have justified our earlier criticisms. They reveal that what we feared actually came to pass: France and Great Britain, doubtless against their own sentimental preferences, were forced to agree to allow Russia to "localize" the Polish question just as at the outbreak of the war Germany tried to persuade Europe to allow Germany to localize the Serbian question. The entrance of America into the war finished what the Russian revolution began. When President Wilson denounced the politics of the balance of power and insisted that hereafter no small nation should be a pawn or chattel in the bargainings of larger powers, it is impossible that he did not have Poland as well as Belgium in mind. In the sense in which his statements were anti-Entente, we were

anti-Entente. All we wish is that the centre of the Polish question, so far as it is not in Warsaw, Cracow and Posen, shall be in Washington, not in Paris or London. And for this we are made out to be of doubtful loyalty to the cause of the United States in the war!

As to our preference in encouraging recruiting for the American national army rather than for Paderewski's legions, the inconsistency is not ours. Every day we read the denunciations in the American press of hyphenism, and of the propagation of Germanism in this country. As Americans we do not wish to build an isolated Polishism in this country. We wish our sons to fight side by side with their fellow citizens. An active propaganda with the prestige of Paderewski behind it and an enormous fund (of which no accounting is rendered) has succeeded in recruiting fourteen thousand men. One hundred and eighty thousand of the Polish migration are in the American army. Where, O American reader, would you wish our pride and hope to be?

As Poles, we also want our men to be in the American army. What weight will Poland have in the Peace Councils because of an army, probably disbanded, of a few thousand men compared with the force exercised by President Wilson when the American army shall have brought victory over Germany? Are we traitors to America because we wish American policy to dominate the peace settlement? And we believe that so far as the policy of the Paris Committee of Poles is allowed to determine the decision regarding Poland, so far will the weight incline again in favor of the old politics of balance of power, imperialism and reactionism. Do not take our word or that of our enemies. Investigate for yourselves. But do not permit the matter to go by default.

In conclusion I add that it is one of the minor humors of the situation that the radical K. O. N. supports the present Regency of Poland, although its constitution is aristocratic. Unlike the Bolsheviki we prefer to postpone domestic politics to securing a free national life. When we find a conservative group, like that in Paris and their representatives in this country, opposing the authority of the only distinctively Polish government in spite of the conservatism of that government, is there not reason for thinking that personal rather than patriotic ambition is influencing them? Another peculiar fact is that though the Church in Poland is with the Regency—the Archbishop is to the fore in the triumvirate—Polish priests in this country are the chief collectors and propagandists for the Paderewski faction. Again we ask for an explanation of motives.

JAN KOBIET.

The Education of Joan and Peter

VI

Joan Goes to Cambridge

JOAN followed a year after Peter in Cambridge. She entered Newnham at Newton Hall. Oswald preferred Newnham to Girton because of the greater freedom of the former college. He was of opinion that if women were to be let out of purdah they might as well be let right out.

To Joan, coming from her high school at Highmorton to Newnham was like emerging from some narrow draughty passage in which one marches muddily with a whispering giggling hockey team all very much of a sort, into a busy and confused market-place, a rather squabbling and very exciting market-place, in which there is the greatest variety of sorts. And Joan's mind too was opening out in an even greater measure. A year or so ago she was a spirited, intelligent animal, a being of dreams and unaccountable impulses; in a year or so's time she was to become a shaped and ordered mind, making plans, controlling every urgency, holding herself in relation to a definite conception of herself and the world. We have still to gauge the almost immeasurable receptivity of those three or four crucial years. We have still to grasp what the due use of those years may mean for mankind.

Oswald had been at great pains to find out what was the best education the Empire provided for these two wards of his. But his researches had brought him to realize chiefly how poor and spiritless a thing was the very best formal education that the Empire could offer. It seemed to him, in the bitter urgency of his imperial passion, perhaps even poorer than it was. There was a smattering of Latin, a thinner smattering of Greek, a little patch of Mediterranean history and literature detached from past and future—all university history seemed to Oswald to be in disconnected fragments—but then he would have considered any history fragmentary that did not begin with the geological record and end with a clear tracing of every traceable consequence of the "period" in current affairs; there were mathematical specializations that did not so much broaden the mind as take it into a gully, modern and medieval language specializations, philosophical studies that were really not philosophical studies at all but partial examinations of remote and irrelevant systems, the study of a scrap of Plato or Aristotle here, or an excursion (by means of translations) into the Hegelian phraseology there. This sort of thing given out to a few thousand young men, for the most part greatly preoccupied with games, and to a few hundred young women, was all that Oswald could discover by way of mental binding for the entire empire. It seemed to him like innervating a body as big as the world with a brain as big as a pin's head.

As Joan and Peter grew out of school and went up to Cambridge they became more and more aware of a note of lamentation and woe in the voice of their guardian. He talked at them, over their heads at lunch and dinner, to this or that visitor. He also talked to them. But he had a great dread of preachments. They were aware of his general discontent with the education he was giving them, but as yet they had no standards by which to judge his charges. Over their heads his voice argued that the universities would give them no access worth considering

to the thoughts and facts of India, Russia, or China, that they were ignoring something stupendous called America, that their political and economic science still neglected the fact that every problem in politics, every problem in the organization of production and social cooperation is a psychological problem; and that all these interests were supremely urgent interests, and how the devil was one going to get these things in? But one thing Joan and Peter did grasp from these spluttering dissertations that flew round and about them. They had to find out all the most important things in life for themselves.

Perhaps the problem of making the teacher of youth an inspiring figure is an insoluble one. At any rate there was no great stir evoked in Joan and Peter by the personalities of any of their university tutors, lecturers, and professors. These seemed to be for the most part little-spirited, gossiping men. They had also an effect of being underpaid; they had been caught early by the machinery of prize and scholarship, bred, as they say at the Zoological gardens, "in the menagerie"; they were men who knew nothing of the world outside, nothing of effort and adventure, nothing of sin and repentance. Not that there were not whispers and scandals about, but such sins as the dons knew of were rather in the nature of scholarly affectations, got out of Petronius and Suetonius and practised with a tremendous sense of devilment behind locked doors, than those graver and larger sins that really distress and mar mankind. As Joan and Peter encountered these master minds, they appeared as gowned and capped individuals, hurrying to lecture rooms, delivering these lectures that were often hasty and indistinct, making obscure but caustic allusions to rival teachers, parrying the troublesome inquiring student with an accustomed and often quite pretty wit. With a lesser subtlety and a greater earnestness the women dons had fallen in with this tradition. There were occasional shy personal contacts. But at his tea or breakfast the don was usually too anxious to impress Peter with the idea that he himself was really only a sort of overgrown undergraduate to produce any other effect at all.

Into the Cambridge lecture rooms and laboratories went Joan and Peter, notebook in hand, and back to digestion in their studies, and presently they went into examination rooms, where they vindicated their claims to have attended to textbook and lecture. In addition Peter did some remarkably good sketches of tutors and professors and fellow students. This was their "grind," Joan and Peter considered, a drill they had to go through; it became them to pass these tests creditably—if only to play the game towards old Nobby. Only with Peter's specialization in biology did he begin to find any actuality in these processes. He found a charm in phylogenetic speculations; and above the narrow canons of formal "research" there were fascinating uplands of wisdom. Upon those uplands there lay a light in which even political and moral riddles took on a less insoluble aspect. But going out upon those uplands was straying from the proper work. . . . Joan got even less from her moral philosophy. Her principal teacher was a man shaped like a bubble, whose life and thought was all the blowing of a bubble. He claimed to have *proved* human immortality. It was, he said, a very long and severe logical process. About desire, about art, about social association, about love, about God—for he

knew also that there was no God—it mattered not what deep question assailed him—this gifted being would dip into his Hegelian suds and blow without apparent effort, and there you were—as wise as when you started! And off the good man would float, infinitely self-satisfied and manifestly absurd.

But even Peter's biology was only incidentally helpful in answering the fierce questions that life was now thrusting upon him and Joan. Nor had this education linked them up to any great human solidarity. It was like being guided into a forest—and lost there—by queer, absent-minded men. They had no sense of others being there too upon a common adventure. . . .

"And it is all that I can get for them!" said Oswald. "Bad as it is, it is the best thing there is."

He tried to find comfort in comparisons.

"Has any country in the world got anything much better?"

One day Oswald found himself outside Cambridge on the Huntingdon road. It was when he had settled that Peter was to enter Trinity and while he was hesitating between Newnham and Girton as Joan's destiny. There was a little difficulty in discovering Girton. Unlike Newnham, which sits down brazenly in Cambridge, Girton is but half-heartedly at Cambridge, coily a good mile from the fountains of knowledge, hiding its blushes between tall trees. He was reminded absurdly of a shy nice girl sitting afar off until father should come out of the public house. . . .

He fell to thinking about the education of women in Great Britain.

At first he had been disposed to think chiefly of Peter's education and to treat Joan's as a secondary matter; but little by little, as he watched British affairs close at hand, he had come to measure the mischief feminine illiteracy can do in the world. In no country do the lunch and dinner-party, the country house and personal acquaintance, play so large a part in politics as they do in Great Britain. And the atmosphere of all that inner world of influence is a woman-made atmosphere, and an atmosphere made by women who are for the most part untrained and unread. Here at Girton and Newnham and at Oxford and Somerville he perceived there could not be room for a tithe of the girls of the influential and governing classes. Where were the rest? English womanhood was as yet only nibbling at university life. Where were the girls of the peerage, the county-family girls and the like? Their brothers came up, but they stayed at home and were still educated scarcely better than his Aunt Charlotte had been educated forty years ago—by a genteel person, by a sort of mental maid who did up their minds as their maids did up their hair for the dinner-table.

"No wonder," he said, "they poison politics and turn it all into personal intrigues. No wonder they want religion to be just a business of personal consolations. No wonder every sort of charlatan and spook dealer, fortune-teller and magic-healer, flourishes in London. Well, Joan anyhow shall have whatever they can give her here. . . .

"It's better than nothing. And she'll talk and read. . . ."

H. G. WELLS.

A COMMUNICATION

England and India—I

SIR: The imperial policy of Great Britain is full of surprises. If it be true, as doubtless it is, that Americans have been perturbed by the course of affairs in Ireland and the further failure this summer of the War Cabinet to reach even a provisional settlement there, it is also true that they have been impressed by the announcement that the same government is entering upon a scheme of constitutional reconstruction in India. In the autumn of last year Mr. Edwin Montagu, Secretary of State for India, went out for the purpose of surveying the ground. The elaborate report lately presented by him to Parliament foreshadows what may not improbably prove to be the most momentous experiment in the history of imperial rule. Before considering what it involves, as the fruition of a century of development, it may be well to summarize the main influences lying behind it.

The Indian reform movement has passed through three stages. The first began in the eighties of last century, encouraged by the mild rule of Lord Ripon, an earnest Victorian liberal. Not alone on the political side, but ethically and socially also, it was European in idea and procedure. Its main organ of expression was the Indian National Congress, a gathering of rather loosely elected delegates from every province, meeting once a year in one or other of the large centres. The founders of the Congress belonged to the professional classes, and every one of them

was indebted to England for his political and economic theories and his methods of agitation. The dominant power, to be sure, had taken pains to provide abundant material. English history and political philosophy had been introduced into Indian colleges and universities. The young Indian, grounded in the faith of Milton and Burke, Macaulay and Mill, passed on, naturally enough, to the imitation of Bright, Gladstone and Parnell. For his arguments and statistics he drew upon English critics of the Indian system. He developed a talent for journalism. The demands of the National Congress were amplified by able young publicists who carried on a continuous attack in hundreds of Indian-controlled newspapers, printed in English and the vernaculars. The chief result of this activity, at the end of twenty years, was the partial education in political controversy of a growing literate class and the building up of a large body of opinion aiming at a liberalized India, with representative councils, increasing control of the executive and taxation, and the opening of the public services to qualified Indians all the way up the scale. The seven years of Lord Curzon's viceroyalty covered the transition to the second period. Its governing principle was always candidly avowed. Lord Curzon believed with a whole heart in administrative efficiency, worked out and applied by the British corps d'élite. He held, that is, to a conception of England's place in India not essentially different from that which before the Mutiny of 1857 was accepted by men like Dalhousie and the Lawrences. Lord

Curzon was unaware of the times in which he lived. Before he returned to England in 1905 the East was extraordinarily awake. No one could exaggerate the significance to Asia of the Japanese victories over Russia. Throughout the continent some of the oldest of peoples were acquiring the consciousness of nationality. In India a movement of remarkable complexity was gathering force. European reform influences were being crossed by forces of a far deeper and more subtle character. A half century of modern scholarship applied to the ancient texts, monuments and institutions had helped to produce an impassioned belief in the glory of the Indian past. The rise of reformed Hindu sects such as the Arya Samaj in Northern India and the personal force of teachers like Swami Vivekananda—whose dramatic appearance at the Chicago Parliament of Religions in 1893 started the popular study of Indian thought in the United States—combined to give a religious appeal to the newer Indian nationalism, which, in the opening years of the present century, was taking on characteristics very different from those belonging to the first generation of reformers. Its apostles preached the self-sufficiency of India. They were thinking, not of enlarged councils and posts in the public service, but of freedom. And at the moment of Lord Curzon's departure their programme was crystallized into the watchword *Swadeshi*, which is as close to *Sinn Fein* as any term could be. They brought into their newspapers and speeches a new note of conviction and defiance. The masters of language were with them, and on the higher levels of literary expression they had a powerful sympathizer in Rabindranath Tagore, who, however, could not at any stage be classed with the extremists.

It need hardly be said that this stage of the nationalist agitation, especially of course after bomb outrages became frequent, was disquieting to the authorities. Executive repression was applied with rigor. The freedom of press and platform was restricted. Many editors and agitators served various terms of imprisonment, some without the formality of trial. For about five years the control of Indian affairs in the Government was in the hands of John Morley, who, hating coercion with all his soul, gave the bureaucracy his support in the repressive policy while carrying through Parliament his great measure of constitutional reform, the Indian Councils Act of 1909. This measure and the visit of King George to India, two years later, an event bringing with it the reversal of the Curzon policy, closed the second period. It had produced a crop of varied Indian leadership, mostly of the demagogic order, many examples of devotion to an idea, and one statesman of noble character and achievement—G. K. Gokhale, who died at the summit of his usefulness in the first year of the war. There are many who regard his death and the absence of a successor as the tragedy of the present hour.

The outbreak of war made an end of the past no less decisively in India than in the west. There was of course never a moment's doubt as to the unity of the British commonwealth in the face of the great menace. But India was not in the commonwealth: what would she do? The answer came in a general and very remarkable outburst of loyalty. The princes came forward with unlimited offers of money and service. The landowners, mer-

chants, and professional men, the educated classes generally, were no less prompt and generous. The whole of articulate India was, apparently, eager to render service to the empire. It is not easy to meet the criticism that what was wrong was the attitude and behavior of the officials. The Anglo-Indian bureaucracy is deeply suspicious. Its habit and tradition do not tend to a policy of trust. The Indian public complained that its offers were rejected and its enthusiasm chilled. However it came about, we must admit that a few months after the appearance of the Indian Expeditionary Force on the western front, the picture presented by India was not encouraging. Disturbances of various kinds were reported, there was an ominous revival of gang robbery (*dacoity*), hundreds of suspects, including many intellectuals, were interned, and a severe censorship was established.

It was in such circumstances as these that the political situation came to be dominated by the Home Rule for India League, while the personality of Mrs. Besant assumed a fresh and startling importance. The third stage of the Indian political movement is identified with the character and activities of this remarkable Irish woman.

Annie Besant went to live in India something more than a quarter of a century ago. No living woman has had a more singular career. After separating from her husband, an English Episcopal clergyman, she was for years the associate of Charles Bradlaugh, the British Ingersoll, in a campaign of radical atheism, the pair of them making the most formidable platform combination in the country. A little later she placed her wonderful eloquence and vitality at the service of the infant Fabian Society, and finally passed under the dominion of H. P. Blavatsky and the esoteric doctrine of theosophy. Her day in England was over. She had exchanged the arid secularist negation for a mystic faith which promised fulfilment and spiritual peace, and India, of which she then knew nothing, seemed to offer an unbounded field for her energies. Those who followed her career in the east were led to think that her ambition would have been satisfied if she could have achieved two things: the unchallenged leadership of the International Theosophical Society and the expansion of the Central Hindu College, which she had founded at Benares, into a Hindu university. For this institution Mrs. Besant sought a charter from the government of India, her aim being to make it, in distinction from the secularist government colleges, a centre of specific Hindu culture, colored by the occult doctrines which, hidden in a cloud of Sanskrit terms, have an attraction for restless inquirers in the west while provoking the orthodox Orientalist to blasphemy.

Mrs. Besant did not attain either ambition. Sectional rebellion has accompanied her direction of the Theosophical Society. She has made excursions into stranger regions even than those commonly explored by occultists, and in particular she risked the unity of her followers by starting a queer messianic cult, the oddities of which have been lost sight of during the war. Consequent upon this hapless adventure Mrs. Besant had to abandon the Benares College, into which she had put twenty years of arduous work, while a series of sensational suits in the law courts of Madras overthrew her authority in the theosophical

movement. A position of unquestioned leadership is for Mrs. Besant an essential. Realizing that her place in the theosophical field was imperiled, she turned once more to politics, with her old power as an agitator almost undiminished. She founded the Home Rule League, acquired control of two newspapers, and was rapidly able to show the nationalists of India that there were many things in the way of political propaganda which they might learn from an elderly European woman. So long as Lord Hardinge was Viceroy Mrs. Besant was not interfered with, but soon after the present Governor-General, Lord Chelmsford, took over charge, the government came down upon her, thereby making certain her election to the chair of the National Congress. Mrs. Besant was interned in a Madras hill-station for several months. She was released a year ago, on the eve of Mr. Montagu's departure for India to inaugurate the new policy which must form the theme of a second letter.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

New York City.

CORRESPONDENCE

Conservation for "Chewers"

SIR: I enclose a newspaper clipping which states that a tentative agreement was secured from Food Administrator Hoover by senators from tobacco-producing states of the south that the supply of sugar for the tobacco industry, which Mr. Hoover had planned to cut in half, will not be reduced this year.

We have been doing with less sugar than "three pounds per month per person" in our family. We are doing it proudly, gladly. Yet we don't see why "chewers" can't do with half the usual amount of sugar in their tobacco. Can you?

MRS. JOHN L. WILLIAMS.

Alger, Kentucky.

A Reply to "Enemy" Citizens

SIR: Your correspondent, Mr. H. L. Klein, falls into error when he says that he and others in a similar situation are not given equal treatment with other citizens in the military or naval service.

Perhaps the following facts will enlighten him, and possibly be instrumental in securing for him the position he so much desires in the United States Army:

The War Department promulgated a ruling immediately after the outbreak of hostilities which excluded persons born in the Central Empire, and countries connected therewith, but who were citizens of the United States, from being commissioned officers in the Army. That ruling was peculiarly appropriate at the time, in view of the large spy system carried on in the United States prior to the beginning of the war, and even immediately afterwards. Mr. Klein should not feel it necessary that he take upon himself the task of laying down rules by which the War Department shall be governed. Every person of intelligence will trust the officials of the War Department

whose duties are to formulate plans and means to carry on this gigantic war.

Under the high guidance of our Secretary of War, the original ruling relating to the status of the citizen of this country who was born in an enemy country was subsequently slightly modified to permit such person to be commissioned in the Army, provided he came to this country before he was five years of age, and provided also he was qualified in other respects.

I know of cases where persons in the same "unfortunate" position of Mr. Klein have been commissioned in the Army. It may be stated that the Army has already sufficient commissioned men, so that persons who are on the list waiting to be commissioned may not think they are discriminated against because they are not appointed in quick order. Such is not the case, for the War Department is really appointing men to commissionships, regardless of their place of birth, provided they emigrated to this country before the age of five, and provided, further, they are qualified in other respects to hold commissions.

SAMUEL RAPPAPORT.

Washington, D. C.

The Y. M. C. A.'s Religious Tests

SIR: A man I know was kicking recently about the Y. M. C. A.'s religious tests. Said he wanted to serve in France, but wasn't religious, so they wouldn't take him.

I said: "You might have told them that you *were* religious, just as boys under age tell the recruiting sergeant they are 21. Be patriotic and say you're a Unitarian—what do you care?"

He said: "A lot you know. I don't think they take Unitarians."

"Well," I said, "Good Lord, say you're a Methodist then."

He replied that it wasn't as simple as I seemed to think. "I suppose I could talk my way past the desk by the hall door," he said. "But that isn't enough. I've got to have references, and they'd have to back me up pretty hard. When I first applied, I named Johnnie R—— as one of my references, and Johnnie says the Y. M. C. A. wrote and asked him three questions: First, Had he ever seen me at prayer? Second, Did he know if I read the Bible daily? Third, How many souls had I brought to Jesus?"

That is all the conversation I had with my friend on this subject, but he said as he left me he considered this a pretty stiff test. So do I—if it's true. But I doubt it.

I know there is an impression that the Y. M. C. A. is strict about this, and will not let patriotic men help in their service abroad if they are agnostics or Catholics or Jews or Unitarians (though President Taft is a Unitarian). But the fact is, I believe, they take any one of a good Christian "character," and have accepted Jews on this basis, as well as agnostics. My friend was either rejected under some old régime, now superseded, or else was unsatisfactory as a person—which might easily happen.

The Y. M. C. A. enrolled another friend of mine this year as a member as soon as he paid them a fee for taking automobile lessons, though he told them he wasn't a believer and would much rather not. If they were so liberal in this case, is it likely they are so strict in these others?

CLARENCE DAY, JR.

New York City.

An Untrimmed Lamp

His Second Wife, by Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

THE HARBOR, Mr. Ernest Poole's best novel, had definite excellence that amounted to big achievement. It was by no means a work of genius. It was stiff and exterior in many of those situations that call for quick perception and swift sympathy. It took to rhetoric at times, and showed the influence of journalism and demagogic standards. But it was a novel of large structure and high seriousness, taking in its embrace the empire of New York business and industry and sketching the loose outlines of the thing we call modern civilization. Inside those loose outlines it suggested a looming drama, a drama surcharged with big emotions and big intentions and fulfilling and shattering human destinies. So difficult is it for a novel to catch at the larger movements of society and decipher from them any name, any meaning, that the critic was bound to be grateful to the author of *The Harbor* and to see him as a writer with a serious career ahead. Whatever his career, of course, *The Harbor* stood by itself and of itself, but it is in the nature of performance to provoke expectation, and expectation for Mr. Poole was widespread.

His next novel, *His Family*, did not fulfil this expectation. It was, very naturally, different from *The Harbor* in mood and manner, but its effort to dramatize the three contrasting women who happened to be sisters was altogether too transparent to be bearable. Mr. Poole's formula was no worse than any other formula, but it was obtrusively rational. *His Family* was so purposeful that everything in it—every glimpse of character, every bit of observation, every touch of humor—was solemnly subordinated to the theme of the book. Such a book may be edifying, it is artistically handicapped, and only a respect for Mr. Poole's seriousness could make it the subject of criticism.

Sociological seriousness is a reproach, however, and Mr. Poole may easily have decided, after *The Harbor* and *His Family*, to enter the domain of the personal. *His Second Wife*, at any rate, has a personal theme—the situation of a young girl who marries her dead sister's husband. This is the kind of situation which might entice any master of analysis. The "deceased wife's sister" is not the ordinary pilgrim of marriage. She walks along next to a third rail. She becomes, is compelled to become, a careful yet audacious intruder; and by the very fact of her danger she has it in her power to be acutely, peculiarly, successful. So successful, indeed, that a far-seeing First Wife has always a vested interest in marrying off her younger sisters. This validity in the theme gave Mr. Poole an opportunity not realized. *His Second Wife* could have been developed by an artist, it is actually developed on the lines of James Montgomery Flagg.

The novel is not all bad. After twenty pages it is possible to diagnose every intention of Mr. Poole, to know that the spoiled worldly sister is to be killed off, that the fresh young sister is to take over the architect who had been driven to seek New York "success" and earn prodigious sums of money, that the second wife is to have a hard struggle restoring her husband to truth and beauty, that she is to win in the end. But though these are the implacable certainties of a novel so obviously factory-made—just as implacable and just as certain as the mantelpieces

and chandeliers of Harlem—there are glints of sincerity in the treatment that ought not to go unrecognized. Little attempt is made to understand the philistine sister or her philistine friends. Mr. Poole can count on popular magazine disapproval of these creatures, and he is smoothly content to tag them with the most obvious tags and leave it there. Amy's death is a chromo conceived in this spirit. There is something utterly cheap, perfunctory and ridiculous about such a revamping of stock-company death scenes. A stuffed corpse, a couple of wooden doctors, a horsehair undertaker, a widower jerked on strings—these are no more originally observed or deeply felt than the ground-gripper college woman, the sincere architect who cares not for pelf, the gruff partner with a heart of gold. But mixed up with such effaced images there is a fairly genuine attempt to give us the emotions of the younger sister setting out to do a difficult job. One is amazed to see the laziness and crudity of most of Mr. Poole's characterization, but there are moments when this bluntly differentiated person almost takes on personality and reveals a comprehended soul. At no point, however, does the author push this comprehension beyond the requirements of the semi-literate. When, for example, the young girl finds that her husband is perfectly willing to be the landlord of a "kept" woman whom he condemns, there isn't any situation apparent to Mr. Poole. This is the sort of bluntness that shocks the admirer of *The Harbor*. Perhaps it is not Mr. Poole's fault. Perhaps his acceptance of time-honored merchantable methods is less a willingness to slip his fiction down the magazine gullet than a genuine dullness as to persons, a lack of artistic interest and feeling. Whatever the blame or blamelessness, the result is certainly shocking.

What difference does it make? Only this difference, Mr. Poole has shown that he knows better. He is too good to exhibit the fat complacency that is the butt of this novel. He is too good to earn the contempt of his literary kind. The great public does not care, of course. Those who want to read about lives into which they can sleekly imagine themselves—the great vast fiction-consuming public of the semi-literate world—care absolutely nothing about fiction as an art. What they want is not art but daydream. They want, for a while, to live in a world where dreams come true. The dreams may be sensuous, they often are, but also they may be sweet, pretty, idealistic, altruistic. What the public requires is that these dreams have nothing of the difficulty and toughness of life about them, and the reason they crave a "happy ending" is that they demand a final resolution of troubles more satisfactory than the grandiloquence of sacrifice or the convenience of renunciation. Art itself proposes a unity. It does not differ from the daydream or from socialism or from single tax or the Catholic church or Christian Science or war in the serenity with which it promises assuagement and completion. But its magnificence is in the terms on which it accords assuagement and completion—terms that leave a man more at home in his universe than before he met them. These terms repel the sentimental. The hardness and clearness of fiction as an art is horribly unpleasant to them. But until people understand the real unity that art proposes, the unreal unity that daydream proposes, the demand for happy endings will continue and literary art will be a mystery.

The answer may be made that *His Second Wife* is a "light" novel, and that light novels should not be taken too seriously. One has only to turn to a book like, say,

Leonard Merrick's Cynthia to see the flimsiness of this apology. The ordinary English bourgeois gave Mr. Merrick a golden chance to show what faithful observation, personal perception, free sympathy, really can do in a quiet and unaffected novel. It was not by inspiration, by divine accident, that he succeeded in his supreme task of placing a recognizable group in the happy æsthetic consciousness of his readers. On the contrary, Mr. Merrick could have cheated. He could have gained a larger immediate public by cheating. But he declined to "build junk for the Bronx." He fought his fight—and no one can tell how much is character and how much is talent in the art that brings to fruition so fine a tale as this unpretentious tale of Cynthia the Philistine. The American standard is not Mr. Merrick's, of course, but neither is it platitude and shallowness.

It is this that Mr. Poole seems to have forgotten in writing so inferior a novel as *His Second Wife*. At some stage of creating it he was aware of literary art, but sooner or later he refused to pay the full price. Perhaps the vice of popularization has eaten to his core, leaving him ignorant of his inferiority. This is unlikely. If he still knows better, he ought to turn from the shrine of James Montgomery Flagg and light a candle before the masters of this art of personal drama in the foothills of which he has gone astray.

F. H.

The Morals of Victory

The Political Conditions of Allied Success, by Norman Angell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

MR. NORMAN ANGELL is one of some half-dozen living English publicists whose thoughts on foreign affairs deserve the weightiest consideration. It is not because there is open to him any sources of information to which others have no access. It is not because what he says reveals a new and arresting attitude. What distinguishes him from a legion of lesser writers is the possession of a common sense which amounts to genius. He goes directly to the root of the matter. He makes diplomacy intelligible by making diplomacy human. He invests whatever he touches with essential clarity by reducing it to its simplest elements. There is probably no man since Cobden who has been able to direct so general and widespread an attention to the problems of international politics. To read him is a liberal education in the arts of controversy. He is always clear, always ready to listen to countervailing arguments, always prepared with the answer that is more than a retort. His present volume is not the least valuable, as it is by far the most timely of those discussions by which, at various stages of the war, he has so signally clarified the issue.

To every one with ears that hear beyond the roar of the guns it is obvious that we have entered a stage of the war where what is essential is the rigorous marshaling of the political forces on the side of the Allies. Peace, even if intangible, lurks on the horizon; and the form it is to take depends very largely upon the skill with which its presence can be detected by that impalpable conglomeration we call public opinion. What, briefly, Mr. Angell has done is to analyze the conditions under which that factor, in its best and highest aspect, can most fruitfully be got to work. What he is concerned to achieve is the moral unity of the Allies. It is important to remember how greatly our victory has been retarded by its absence. Military unity is of secondary importance compared to unity of political front. The Russian disaster, to take the most obvious instance, has been largely due to the inability of the Allies to convince the

Russian people that their programme of territorial adjustment was the adequate reflection of their moral aims. Not only have we conflicting territorial ambitions to harmonize; but there is also, perhaps even more vitally, the clash of internal economic interests. Exactly in so far as these discrepancies remain it is easy for Germany to avoid thinking of peace in the kind of terms we require. We have so to define our internationalism as to take account of the new forces that confront us. We have to get rid of the effete conceptions underlying such things as exclusive national sovereignty and our refusal to believe that a transition from force to arrangement is possible. We cannot, as Mr. Angell emphasizes, do these things so long as Mr. Wilson is basing his conception of peace upon a League of Nations and M. Clemenceau roundly declaring that Leagues of Nations are nonsense. We cannot hope to present a united front to Germany so long as Mr. Wilson rejects the idea of an economic after-war and official committees of the British government adopt the idea of an economic after-war as the basis of their proposals for reconstruction. We cannot honestly speak in one breath of national self-determination, and in the next work out the exact basis upon which we propose to divide up the German empire. We must not welcome the Russian revolution in one moment and lend money to the counter revolutionary Ukraine in the next.

It is no use, as Mr. Angell says, ascribing these things either to imperialism or the special wickedness of diplomats. They are inherent in the system under which we live, and our victory depends upon the destruction of that system. We have to come to the understanding that national security does not depend upon the individual preponderance of the different states. We have to substitute, that is to say, the sovereignty that cooperation of the free peoples can institute for the older theory of exclusiveness. We can only do that, as Mr. Angell wisely urges, by an act of faith. We have thus far little or no experience of what it means, and the forms in which it is, for the most, clothed are chilly enough. The important thing is the propagation of the spirit that makes it possible; the mechanisms will come as the crystallization of that spirit. Our business is not a greater military preparedness; there is not a shadow of evidence that, for instance, a great conscript army in Britain before the war would have done other than hasten this conflict. We have to make internationalism real by proving our belief in it. The British Labor Party has signally done that. There is evidence, and to spare, that Mr. Wilson has managed, by diplomatic methods alone, to make the Central Powers thoroughly uncomfortable. Everyone knows the happy results of the Italian abandonment of her Dalmatian claims. These are the things that disturb the factors upon which Germany has to count for her strength. The things that assist her are the crass indifference of men like Mr. Gompers to the deeper issues before us. How are we to consolidate these forces into a definite direction?

Mr. Angell's argument is based upon the belief that we think, politically, too much in terms of government. We talk of Russia where we mean the Tsar and an odd handful of vicious courtiers. The "policy of England" may, in truth, be a speech of Sir Edward Carson that is immediately repudiated by millions of trade unionists in England. The "attitude of France" may be a letter of M. Poincaré which would probably have been rejected by ninety-nine out of every hundred French citizens—a letter, at least, which he did not dare to publish. The hypothesis, in fact, that we can equate government and people is too simple to be adequate. The present English government could not speak for the British Labor party. M. Clemenceau could not

speak for M. Renaudel. The Kaiser does not represent the ideals of the Minority Socialists. In such an aspect, a definitive peace could not be made if the personnel of the peace conference were built up on the old diplomatic system. What we need is a commission of diplomatic experts reinforced at every stage by a delegation which, largely speaking, would claim to represent the varying strands of public opinion. There should be room for Mr. Philip Snowden not less than Lord Robert Cecil, for Mr. Charles Trevelyan as well as Mr. Lloyd George. And the very basis of such action ought to be the transformation, by means of an Inter-Allied Conference, of the present vague and inchoate alliance, into a permanent League of Nations offering admission and protection on the one hand, or exclusion from its benefits on the other. Essential in this latter respect is the fact that the League could prevent that equality of economic opportunity which is implied in its predominant control of basic raw materials.

Such a bare statement necessarily does less than justice to the convincing fashion in which Mr. Angell argues his case. It is difficult to doubt that the spirit of his attack is, in the main, both just and helpful. Where the difficulties begin to accumulate is in the problems of organization. Is it certain, for instance, that minority representation would not, as a fact, give a far greater handle to German hopes of separatism at the peace conference than it already possesses? What is to be the basis of representation? How are the delegates to be selected? Is an American delegation, for instance, thinkable of which Colonel House and Colonel Roosevelt are alike part? Is the minority delegate to have access to the private papers of his foreign office? If he is not, how is he adequately to orientate himself in the problems before the conference? What is to be the relation between him and the official experts of the government? I do not doubt that upon all these questions Mr. Angell has his solution to offer. Like him, I feel that this problem of minorities does go to the very root of the kind of peace we are to have. What he has to say of its background is so fair and wise and timely that one cannot avoid being eager for what further light he can offer.

H. J. L.

Interior Fiction

Five Tales, by John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

WHAT kind of stories shall we like to read when the war is over and we turn to look for our familiar world again? Shall we any longer enjoy, as we did before, the fine workmanship of Mr. Galsworthy, or the following of his sympathetic eye where it notes—as in the first of the *Five Tales*—the creep and flutter and start of the thoughts of a sensitive man who has committed a murder, and then the thoughts of the murderer's highly reputable brother whose conscience is mainly his reputation? Will the war have put an end to the psychological school?

The distinction here is not between the romantic and the realistic, but between the simple, objective and direct, and the multiple, subjective and indirect. The line of fiction from Cervantes to Fielding, Scott and Dickens had its own realisms, but it dealt with the broader and more patent phases of humanity, without much subtlety and from the outside. It was forthright, muscular, masculine and commonly touched or fused with humor. It was perhaps as simple hearted as simple minded. Where it meant to be

tragic it was all too apt to be sentimental. On the other hand, the novel of meticulous interior detail—Richardson, Flaubert, the Russians, James, and so on to Mr. Galsworthy—was like whispering secrets in a close room, not like the open road and the free jostle of men wherever its scenes might be located. Mr. Conrad's work is romantic, and all over the seven seas, but it is as multiple, indirect and interior as Henry James, and it whispers as extraordinary secrets in almost as shadowy a manner.

Now, if one were to hazard a guess, it would be that we shall react toward the simple and direct, that we shall beg our novelists to be Fieldings if they can, and not Richardsons unless they have to be. The guess might venture further, that we shall have less taste than before, not only for those who chronicle small moments, minute events and casuistical motives, but in general for all who paint the world as a pestilential congregation of vapors, a sterile promontory inhabited by an undelightful quintessence of dust. Not that human society may not be truthfully so painted and chronicled, but that we may have grown out of liking for overmuch of that kind of truth. Those who have been in the trenches will hardly care for trenches of the imagination. Is it not likely that we shall discover in ourselves—as John Bunyan discovered in himself—a great hunger “to sit in the sunshine,” a great thirst for conceiving the earth—as quickly as the thing can be brought about—as after all a goodly frame with a brave overhanging firmament fretted with golden fire, and inhabited by creatures excellent in faculty, in form and movement express and admirable, the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals?

After all this is just as true as the other. Mr. Galsworthy's fourth tale closes with a vision of life as a “deep dark slit of a street,” where oneself and the other midgets walk between confining walls which are “too high for one—no getting out on top. We've got to be kind, and help one another, and not expect, and not think too much, that's all.” But indeed that's not all. It is no more like walking in a deep dark slit of a street than like skipping over the high starlit housetops. It is like neither, either and both. Or else one must hold that the pavements are more actual than the stars, and that a man cannot be sincere unless he is discouraged.

The second tale is called *The Stoic*, and has for a motto “*Aequam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem*”; and the motto of the third tale is “the appletree, the singing and the gold” from Murray's Euripides. But the one takes us into no cool urbane Horatian atmosphere. Roman stoicism may have had often enough much of this grim bulldog grit, this “game to the last,” “myself unashamed” and “you-be-damned,” but it is not Greek or Horatian. “*Aequam memento*” is severe and sunlit. Hand in hand with the Horatian “*Integer vitæ*,” it becomes something like the text from which Samuel Pepys heard a sermon preached in the Temple church: “For the wisdom from above is first pure, then peaceful.” “The appletree, the singing and the gold”—will it not be the very thing we shall hunger and thirst for “as the hart panteth after the waterbrooks” when the war is over, and we turn back to our books, our reveries under green leaves or by the winter fires? And Mr. Galsworthy does not give at all “the appletree, the singing and the gold,” but only a middle aged man's regrets for his youth. When once this thing fell in his way, or something that looked like it, he had the folly—or the wisdom, for it depends on one's philosophy or temperament—to miss it.

Two of the stories tell of the last days of two—in a way—rather fine old men, a stoic and—in *Indian Summer*—an

epicurean, and it is all so well done. The probability that the near coming years will see the predominance of another school does not do away with the probability that Mr. Galsworthy will be remembered as one of the masters of the fiction of his day and kind. He has not lost his skill, nor has our admiration ceased. Only one has to note the faint presence of a premonitory distaste, a diminished gusto for artistic diagnosis, a symptom and "vaunt courier" of coming changes in ourselves.

A. C.

Recent Publications

Maids, Wives and Widows, by Rose Falls Bres. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00.

MOST women as well as most men do not venture out upon the quagmire of the law without professional guides, but if they do women are less likely to know where to step. For their instruction Rose Falls Bres has written this book concerning the legal status of women in the United States and in the several states. Naturally it is neither complete nor authoritative enough to enable every woman to be her own lawyer, but it does give an illuminating survey. Aside from an unhappily facetious introduction the book is worth reading for its concise information about contracts and obligations and its summaries of the various state laws that affect women and minors. On the whole the layman is surprised at the extent to which legislatures are recognizing the fairly recent discovery of the married woman's separate personality. But in some states the woman who marries still places herself under the almost complete guardianship of her husband. As Miss Bres puts it: "In any state where married women are not sui juris [capable of suing] where they cannot sell, mortgage or otherwise hypothecate their property, where they cannot have a voice in the selection of the marital domicile and have the right to assert choice of citizenship, where they cannot contract and be held for their contractual obligations they are still in a state of legal servitude. . . ." As one would expect, it is the western states that have been most progressive in making men and women equal before the law. Perhaps with the general extension of suffrage the uniformity of laws, for which Miss Bres hopes, will come about so that women will be "people" in Louisiana as well as in Colorado and California. Meanwhile one of the best ways of working toward that end is to spread the information contained in *Maids, Wives and Widows*.

A National System of Economics, by J. Taylor Peddie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

THIS book hinges upon the resolutions of the Paris Economic Conference of 1916. It accepts them as valid, as desirable, as necessary of fulfillment. It seeks the creation of a "British Empire strong, self-sufficient, and above all, independent." It expounds the economic efficacy of a five year war surtax of fifteen per cent on all goods imported from Germany. And when the question is raised as to the policy which should be pursued "in the event of democratic government being enforced in present enemy countries, we would say that we should make no change from the course of action or policy herein recommended."

Mr. Peddie starts out on what might be an exceedingly pertinent inquiry. He says at once, and truthfully, that "there is not in existence today an economic system under

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which the Paris Economic Resolutions can in reality be made effective by the Allied countries." He fails, however, to see that there does not exist anywhere an economic system under which any rational plans for post-war industrial government can be matured.

To develop any of half a dozen projects of industrial rearrangement there is required a degree of organization and integration which the industrial life of no western country, with the possible exception of Germany, has achieved. The development of a more coherent "national economy" is essential to domestic progress and to effective organized relations between states. But Mr. Peddie has entertained no such generous thoughts or purposes as these. He is interested in showing merely that the Paris resolutions require for their fulfillment the creation of a narrowly self-seeking nationalistic sentiment which is to function through a crass "national economy." The characteristics of this economy are industrial self-sufficiency; a working class convinced (presumably by hypnosis) that its interests are identical with those of an economically aggressive state; intensive agriculture and cheap transportation.

The argument, as a matter of logic, evidence and arrangement, is too puerile to bother with. But the facts behind the argument are today of critical moment. The demand for industrial aggression and economic imperialism may not have the benefit of felicitous literary expression. Yet the demand exists and is potent in councils where literary merits are of secondary importance. This present volume is worthy of notice not because it has significance as a book, but because it has great significance as the reflection of a tendency—a tendency which may presently be submerged in the onrush of

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Los Angeles Times: "It is evident that the same force which made Frank Norris a permanent meteor is in Charles Norris. There is more refinement of style in 'Salt' than in anything Frank Norris ever wrote, but the novels of the two brothers are much alike in artistic methods and almost identical in spirit. Charles Norris is the more subtle, the more psychological, the more penetrating."

New York Tribune: "Whether we like it or not, this book is assuredly one that must be very seriously reckoned with amid the important fiction of the day. We must acclaim the author as a master of the novel writer's art and must look with delighted anticipation for further works from his gifted pen."

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New York Tribune says: "The book is really a bugle blast to waken sleepers and even, as before Verdun, to call the dead to life. In that one penetrating insistent note the damnableness of the Beast of Berlin is pilloried, the loyal services of our allies is approved, and every American heart worthy to inherit the legacy of 1776 is roused to action for God and Man, 'to a victory that nothing in all Germany can ever halt.'"

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POSTAGE EXTRA

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liberal sentiment or which may come into the ascendant and lead on to the domination—presumably temporary—of a crude materialistic nationalism.

The Destinies of the Stars, by Svante Arrhenius; translated by J. E. Fries. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

A TRANSLATION of these admirable lectures by one of the foremost physicists of the world, president of the Nobel Institute, and recipient in 1903 of the Nobel prize in chemistry, will be very welcome to all interested in popular dissemination of science. Arrhenius showed his special competence for this broad subject in his earlier volumes, *World in the Making*, and *Life of the Universe*. The present collection of articles and lectures on kindred subjects is the best popular presentation of it in brief compass. Its translation was highly desirable, and seems correctly to convey the sense in reasonably good and intelligible English. It is regrettable that some reviser of the proof more familiar than Mr. Fries with the English forms of classical proper names did not see that Heriod (p. 12), Currelian (p. 26) and some other worthies received their accustomed names.

The Prince of Parthia, by Thomas Godfrey. Edited by Archibald Henderson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

THERE is a sort of fellow in the world of orders and brotherhoods that sets up something with himself at the head and works and lifts, the higher the order the higher its mogul. In the world of scholarship this sort of man—they are not uncommon—would take a subject for his own and try to force it on men as an important something long neglected, with himself the expert in the field.

Professor Henderson in his edition of *The Prince of Parthia* avoids this kind of academic swindle entirely. In a lengthy but discreet introduction he gives us a piece of definite research in this modest region and places Thomas Godfrey where he belongs: as the author of the first American tragedy; a provincial poet of fair culture and promise, but dying young, and a member of a notable circle in Benjamin Franklin's Philadelphia.

The play itself takes Racine and Shakespeare for its schools, is no worse than they are at their worst, and though uncertain in suspense and generally uneven, might be, if acted in the conservatory style of its period, not without dignity and occasional effect.

The publishers of the book, the first printing since the original a century and a half ago, deserve the gratitude of the students of American drama for such a thankless venture commercially and for the style of the volume itself.

Contributors

to this Issue

WILLIAM HARD—A writer on public affairs, now investigating problems of organization for the New Republic in Washington.

RUSSELL J. WILBUR—A Roman Catholic clergyman.

JAN KOBIET—Is a pseudonym.

H. G. WELLS.

S. K. RATCLIFFE—A well known London journalist and lecturer, now in this country. The English representative of the New Republic. Formerly editor of the *Statesman*, Calcutta.



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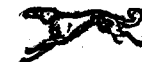


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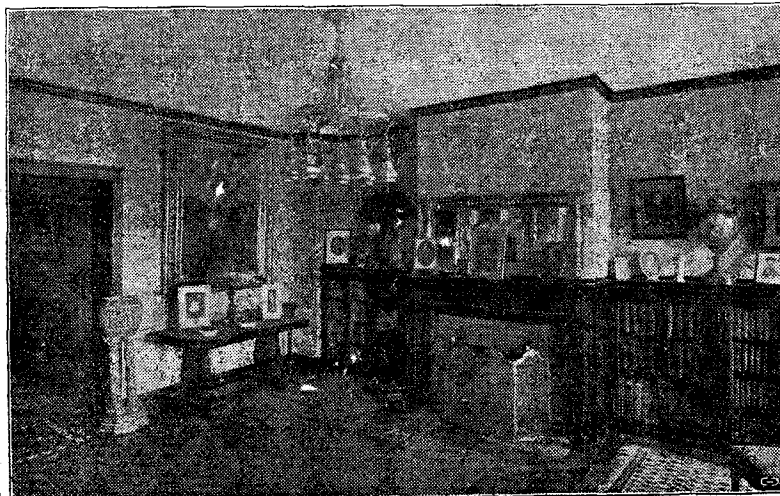
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